

POLICE

10¢ COMICS

APRIL No. 105

52 BIG FULL WIDTH PAGES OF DARING EXPLOITS AGAINST CRIME!

CAN A GHOST
KILL?

Don't miss -

"THE INVISIBLE HANDS
of MURDER!"

Starring

KEN SHANNON
Sensational PRIVATE EYE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



BUD, COULD I GET A WRIST WATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE

YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO DOLLS BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID



LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY. NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH



THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE



IT SURE IS - I'M GOING TO GET A BIKE NEXT



**VALUABLE
PREMIUMS**

GIVEN

BOYS • GIRLS • MEN • LADIES

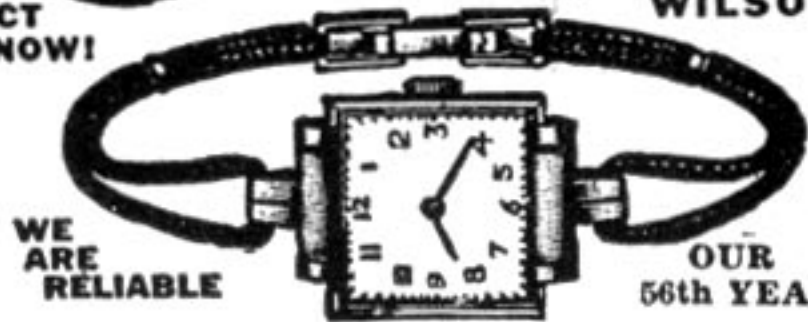
**Be First!
ACT
NOW!**

GENUINE .22 CAL. RIFLES, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Cameras, Footballs, Telescopes, complete Fishing Kits, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). **Simply Give** beautiful pictures with White **CLOVERINE** Brand **SALVE** used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25c a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Mail coupon below.

DOLLS, FULLY DRESSED, Over 15" in height, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Blankets, Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Bibles, Pen & Pencil sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commissions. Big catalog lists many other personal and household premiums. So don't delay getting what you want. **MAIL COUPON NOW!**

BICYCLES (boys—girls), Coaster Wagons (sent express charges collect). Flashlights, School Boxes (sent postage paid). Easy fun to get 'em. **NO MONEY NOW.** We send art pictures, salve, catalog on trust to start. Write today!

WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dept. 108-C, Tyrone, Pa.



**ACT
NOW!**

**WE
ARE
RELIABLE**

**OUR
56th YEAR**

**BOYS! GIRLS!
PREMIUMS**

or
CASH COMMISSIONS

GIVEN

**MAIL
THIS
COUPON
TODAY**

**MAIL THIS COUPON
SEND NO MONEY NOW
WE TRUST YOU**

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 108-C, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____

Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start

Name _____ Age _____

St. or R. R. _____ Box _____

Town _____ Zone # _____ State _____

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

PASTE COUPON ON POSTAL CARD OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE TODAY

KEN SHANNON

PRIVATE EYE



MY LATE CLIENT, WHO PAID ME A THOUSAND BUCKS TO NAIL A HOMICIDAL GHOST!

"I'M GOING TO BE MURDERED BY A GHOST," MY CLIENT SAID... AND A MOMENT LATER HE WAS DEAD RIGHT THERE IN MY OFFICE... STRANGLED BY UNSEEN HANDS WHILE MY SECRETARY, DEE DEE DAWSON, AND I LOOKED ON IN HELPLESS HORROR! AS A PRIVATE DETECTIVE I'VE SAT INTO SOME SCREWY GAMES IN MY DAY... BUT I WAS BUCKING A STACKED DECK WHEN I SET OUT TO TRAP...

"THE INVISIBLE HANDS OF MURDER!"



THE GUYS WHO FELL FOR HER HAD A HABIT OF NOT BEING ABLE TO GET UP AGAIN!



INTIMATE WITH TWO KINDS OF SPIRITS AND ALL KINDS OF WOMEN!



BEING EITHER A WIFE OR A WIDOW DIDN'T CRAMP HER STYLE!



CONDON'S LAWYER, WITH SPECIAL SERVICE FOR CLIENTS WITH BEAUTIFUL WIVES!

IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW...C-O-N-D-O-N SPELLS MONEY, A COMMODITY I WAS FRESH OUT OF THE DAY MARK CONDON CAME TO MY OFFICE!

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, MR. CONDON! YOU'RE PAYING ME A THOUSAND BUCKS TO KEEP YOU FROM BEING STRANGLD BY A GHOST?

EXACTLY, MR. SHANNON! THE EX-ORBITANT FEE IS TO MAKE SURE YOU TAKE THIS CASE SERIOUSLY! BELIEVE ME, I'M NOT JOKING!



YEARS AGO A MAN KILLED HIMSELF BECAUSE I RUINED HIM IN BUSINESS! HE DIED SWEARING TO COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE FOR REVENGE!



AND NOW YOU THINK HE'S DOING IT? I'M IMPRESSED A THOUSAND BUCKS WORTH, BUT STILL SKEPTICAL! TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY!

"I LAUGHED WHEN MY WIFE KEPT URGING ME TO VISIT A MYSTIC SHE'D FALLEN FOR! THEN SHE SPOKE A NAME I'D THOUGHT BURIED FOREVER..."

BUT MARK, THIS YOGA RHAMA KANANDA IS NO FAKE! HE KEEPS GETTING MESSAGES FOR YOU FROM SOME SPIRIT NAMED KARL LARSON!

LARSON? DID YOU SAY KARL LARSON I... I'LL GO WITH YOU MYRTLE!



"I HAD TO GO! YOU SEE, SHANNON, NO ONE BUT MY LAWYER AND I KNEW KARL LARSON HAD KILLED HIMSELF BECAUSE OF ME!"

IT IS WELL YOU COME, MR. CONDON! THIS EVIL, VINDICTIVE SPIRIT GROWS MORE DEMANDING AT EACH SEANCE! I AM FRIGHTENED FOR YOU!

I... I'D LIKE TO CONTACT THIS SPIRIT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS GUFF, OF COURSE, BUT I AM CURIOUS!

RHAMA'S ASSISTANT NITA NALDO PREPARED THE ROOM! AT NO TIME WERE THE LIGHTS TURNED COMPLETELY OUT!"



PLEASE REMAIN SEATED AND QUIET, MR. CONDON! THERE IS DANGER IN WHAT IS TO FOLLOW... TERRIBLE DANGER I FEAR!

QUIET, PLEASE! I SHALL TRY TO ENTER A STATE OF TRANCE!



RHAMA WENT PALE! SUDDENLY HE BEGAN TO SPEAK IN A DIFFERENT VOICE... THE VOICE OF THE DEAD KARL LARSON!"

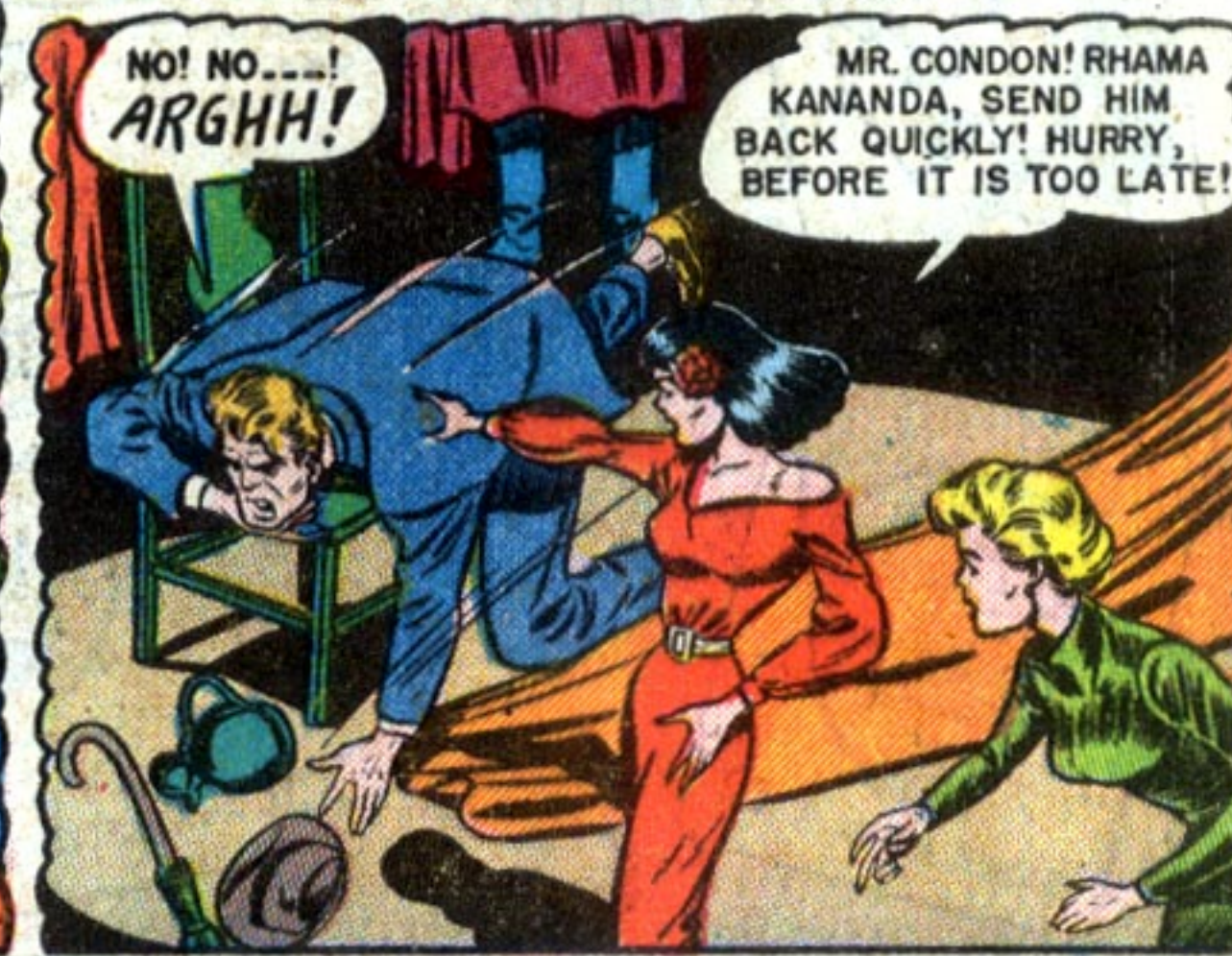
SO YOU CAME, CONDON! I THOUGHT YOU WOULD! YOU'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN, HAVE YOU, THAT I SWORE TO KILL YOU? THE TIME HAS COME!

THIS... THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S A FAKE OF SOME KIND!

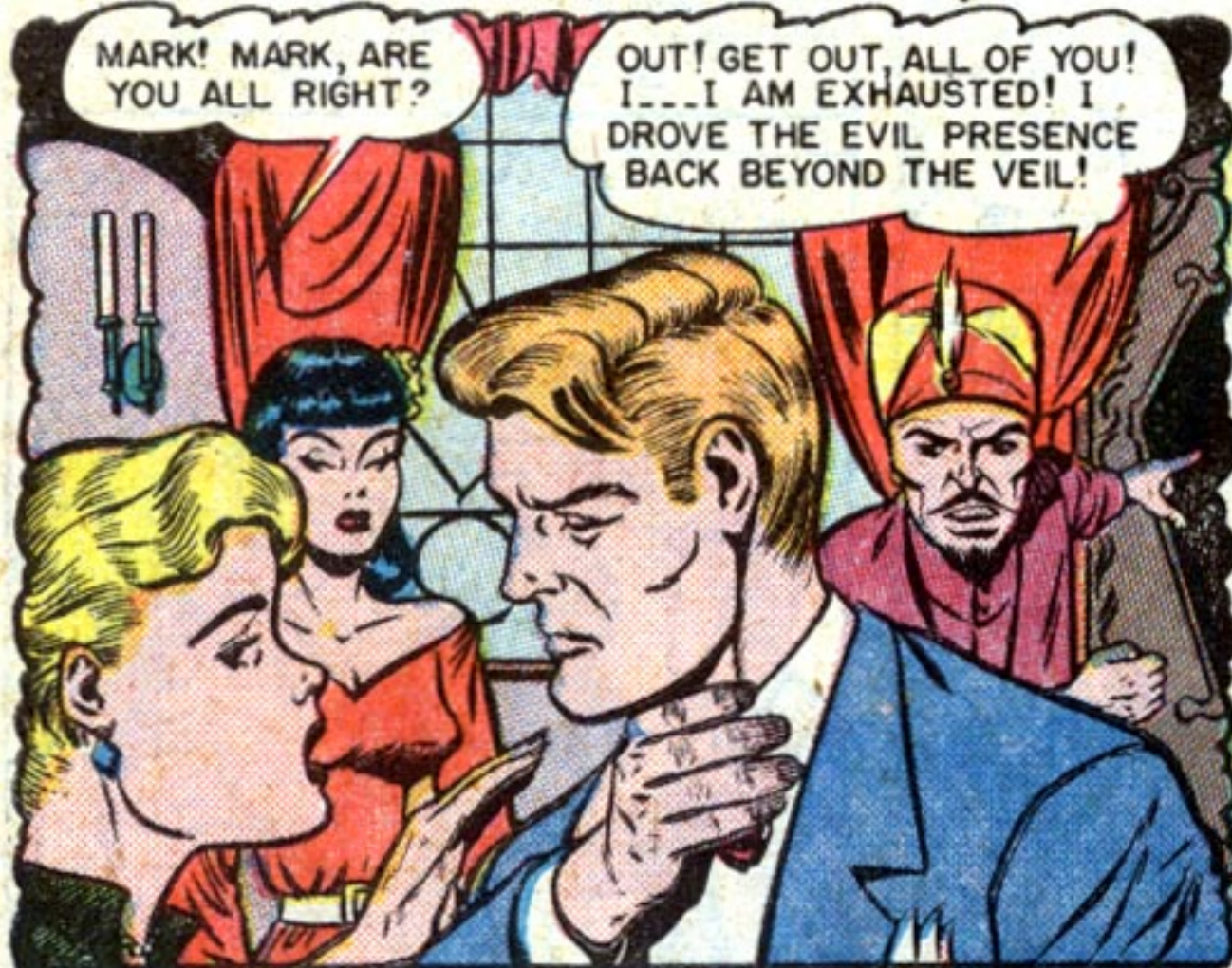
"THEN I FELT THEM...! COLD, CLAMMY FINGERS STEALING AROUND MY THROAT! YET NO ONE WAS NEAR ME! I GUESS I WENT A LITTLE WILD!"

NO! NO...! ARGHH!

MR. CONDON! RHAMA KANANDA, SEND HIM BACK QUICKLY! HURRY, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



"RHAMA CAME OUT OF HIS TRANCE AT NITA'S SCREAM! THE HALO VANISHED! THE FINGERS WERE SUDDENLY GONE FROM MY THROAT!"



MARK! MARK, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OUT! GET OUT, ALL OF YOU! I... I AM EXHAUSTED! I DROVE THE EVIL PRESENCE BACK BEYOND THE VEIL!

I TELL YOU, SHANNON, IT WASN'T IMAGINATION! I'VE FELT THOSE ICY FINGERS TWICE SINCE THAT NIGHT! IT IS AFTER ME!

BROTHER, YOU TELL A MEAN GHOST STORY! I WAS RAISING GOOSEBUMPS BY THE QUART THERE FOR A MINUTE---



NOW LET'S GET BACK TO REALITIES! I THINK YOU'RE BEING HAD, BUT IT'S OBVIOUSLY A BETTER-THAN-AVERAGE JOB OF FLIM-FLAM!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT I CAN'T SEE WHO WOULD GAIN! RHAMA WON'T TAKE MONEY! HE'S EVEN BEGGED ME TO STAY AWAY FROM HIM!

NO ONE BUT MY LAWYER, SAM EASTERLY, KNEW ABOUT LARSON! I'VE ASKED RHAMA AND NITA TO COME HERE! THEY'LL BE ALONG SHORTLY! SMOKE?

DON'T MIND IF I DO, THANKS! I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED HOW THESE GOLD-TIPPED CIGARETS REALLY TASTED!

I'LL SAVE THE SMOKE UNTIL AFTER LUNCH! NOW TO GET BACK TO YOUR NECKING SPOOK...!

I'VE TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW, SHANNON! MAYBE YOU CAN LEARN SOMETHING FROM RHAMA AND NITA!



AT THAT MOMENT DEE DEE GAVE HER DISCREET LITTLE RAP AS SHE OPENED THE DOOR!

THERE IS A MAN OUT HERE WITH A GIRL! THEY SAY THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO JOIN MR. CONDON HERE!

THAT'LL BE RHAMA AND NITA NOW! SHOO 'EM IN, HONEY, BUT WATCH YOUR THOUGHTS! HE'S A MIND READER...!



DEE DEE WAS TURNING AWAY WHEN IT HAPPENED, WITHOUT ANY WARNING...

AH... AGH... AGH... UH!

EEEEK!

MR. CONDON! WHA...?



POLICE COMICS

CONDON GAVE A COUPLE OF WILD, CONVULSIVE HEAVES AND THEN WAS QUIET!

KEN! WH...WHAT HAPPENED? IS HE HURT?

NOT ANY MORE, DEE DEE! HE'S DEAD!



DEAD? OH, NO! HE CAN'T BE! MR. CONDON! MR. CONDON!

I KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN! I TOLD HIM! I WARNED HIM! BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM VENGEANCE BEYOND THE VEIL!



I FINALLY GOT THEM OUT TO THE WAITING ROOM, AWAY FROM THE CORPSE! UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES, I COULD HAVE ENJOYED THAT JOB!

TAKE IT EASY, HONEY! YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING NOW BUT WAIT FOR THE LAW!

Y-YES, DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT CLYDE, PL-PLEASE! TELL HIM TO C-COME RIGHT OVER!



I WAS GLAD DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT ART CLYDE WAS MY PAL! I'D HAVE FELT SILLY TELLING THE STORY TO THE AVERAGE FLATFOOT!

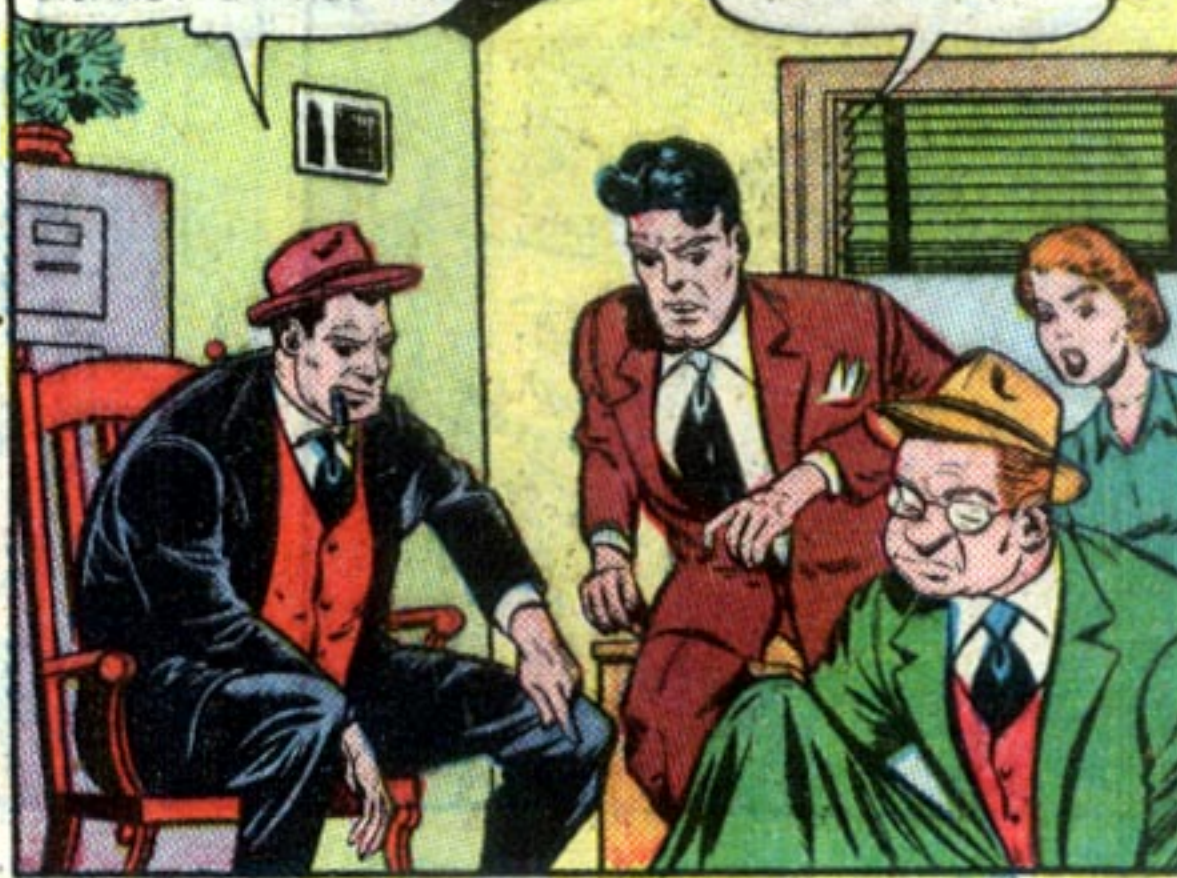
...AND SUDDENLY THERE HE WAS, DEAD AS A MACKEREL, WITH HIS OWN FINGER-MARKS ON HIS THROAT! YOU TAKE IT FROM THERE, ART!

I DON'T BUY THAT GHOST ANGLE EITHER, KEN! I SAY IT'S MURDER... PROBABLY A RARE POISON THAT PARALYZES THE BREATHING MUSCLES!



GIVE ME A FAST AUTOPSY, DOC! CHECK BRAIN AND VITAL ORGANS FOR POISON! AND CUT OUT THAT PATCH OF RUG WHERE HIS CIGARET BURNED IT!

HEY, HEY! I JUST BOUGHT THAT RUG, YOU FATHEAD! A CIGARET HOLE CAN BE REWOVEN, BUT NOT IF THEY CUT OUT A PATCH!



BUY A NEW ONE WITH YOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS! I NEED ALL THE ASH TO ANALYZE FOR POISON!

MY PAL! CONDON PAID FOR PROTECTION I DIDN'T GIVE HIM! I'VE GOT TO RETURN THAT DOUGH SO I LOSE ALL AROUND!



YOU'RE LUCKY I KNOW YOU! I COULD SLAP YOUR PANTS IN THE CAN AS A MATERIAL WITNESS, IF NOT A SUSPECT!

HAH! BEFORE YOU PINCH ANYBODY, YOU'D BETTER PROVE IT'S MURDER... AND DIG UP SOMETHING BETTER THAN GHOSTLY HANDS TO TELL THE NEWSPAPERS ABOUT!



POLICE COMICS

ART TOOK STATEMENTS FROM NITA AND RHAMA AND LET THEM GO! I RODE DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS TO SEE WHAT TURNED UP!

YOU'RE SURE THIS IS **EVERYTHING** OUT OF CONDON'S POCKETS, ART? I KEEP FEELING SOMETHING'S MISSING, BUT I CAN'T PIN IT DOWN!

WHEEW!
GET A LOAD OF THIS, KEN...

THIS WAS A PICTURE OF NITA NALDO TUCKED IN CONDON'S WALLET... AND THE INSCRIPTION MADE ME THINK HE DIDN'T GET IT WITH A PACK OF BUBBLE GUM!



SO MY LATE CLIENT WAS PLAYING GAMES WITH LITTLE NITA! COULD BE WE'VE GOT AN OLD-FASHIONED TRIANGLE WITH A NEW TWIST!

YEAH! MAYBE WE... HOLD IT, KEN! THIS IS PROBABLY DOC NOW WITH THE PRELIMINARY AUTOPSY REPORT!

ART LISTENED TO THE TELEPHONE WHILE HIS JAW DROPPED AND HIS EYES GLAZED!

YOU LOOK LIKE A GHOST, YOURSELF! WHAT DID DOC FIND? **TERMITES?**

HE FOUND **NOTHING!** NO POISON... NO HEART CONDITION... NO VISIBLE CAUSE OF DEATH! CONDON JUST... **STRANGLED!** DOC IS STILL HUNTING!

GROAN! WHY DID I HAVE TO BE A COP WHEN MY OLD MAN WANTED ME TO STUDY ENGINEERING?

WAIT! I'VE GOT IT, ART! NOW I KNOW WHAT'S MISSING FROM CONDON'S POCKET...

HIS GOLD-TIPPED CIGARETS! HE HAD A CASE OF THEM! WHERE ARE THEY?

THERE WERE NO CIGARETS ON HIM, KEN! I WENT THROUGH THE POCKETS MYSELF!

IF SOME LIGHT-FINGERED FLATTIE HELPED HIMSELF, I'LL ---!

NITA OR RHAMA COULD HAVE LIFTED THEM! THEY WERE BOTH BENDING OVER HIS BODY! THOSE CIGARETS ARE THE KEY TO THE WHOLE MESS!

KEEP DIGGING, ART! I'M GOING OUT AND ANNOY PEOPLE! SOMEBODY MADE A BIG, FAT SUCKER OUT OF ME AND I DON'T LIKE IT!



I PICKED UP DEE DEE TO TAKE NOTES AND HEADED FOR RHAMA'S PLACE FIRST! BY NOW I WAS COOKING UP A FINE SLOW BURN!

I DON'T CARE IF CONDON WAS KICKED TO DEATH BY A BERSERK BUTTERFLY! IT CAN'T HAPPEN IN MY OFFICE, TO MY CLIENTS!

KEN, LOOK! THE DOOR ISN'T QUITE LATCHED! MAYBE HE JUST STEPPED OUT SOMEWHERE!

WHO AM I TO SLUG OPPORTUNITY IN THE TEETH! I OPENED THE DOOR THE REST OF THE WAY AND WE WALKED IN!



POLICE COMICS

DEE SCREECHED LIKE A RUSTY AXLE AND ALMOST WENT INTO HYSTERICS!

KEN! KEN, I FELT THEM ON MY NECK --- COLD, CLAMMY FINGERS! THEY TOUCHED ME!

RELAX, HONEY! YOU FELT A PUFF OF COLD CARBON DIOXIDE GAS FROM THIS DRY ICE! IT'S AN OLD FAKE SPIRIT GAG!



THE SAME GAS, DROPPING FROM THAT HOLE, FORMS VISIBLE RINGS WHEN IT HITS MOIST AIR FROM THIS HUMIDIFIER! THAT WAS THE HALO CONDON SAW!

WHY, THAT TWO-BIT PHONEY! NO WONDER POOR MR. CONDON THOUGHT A GHOST WAS TRYING HIS THROAT FOR SIZE!



WE TACKLED RHAMA'S BEDROOM NEXT! I FOUND MORE BOTTLED SPIRITS AND A DRAWER FULL OF TORRID PHOTOS WHILE DEE FOUND PAY DIRT!

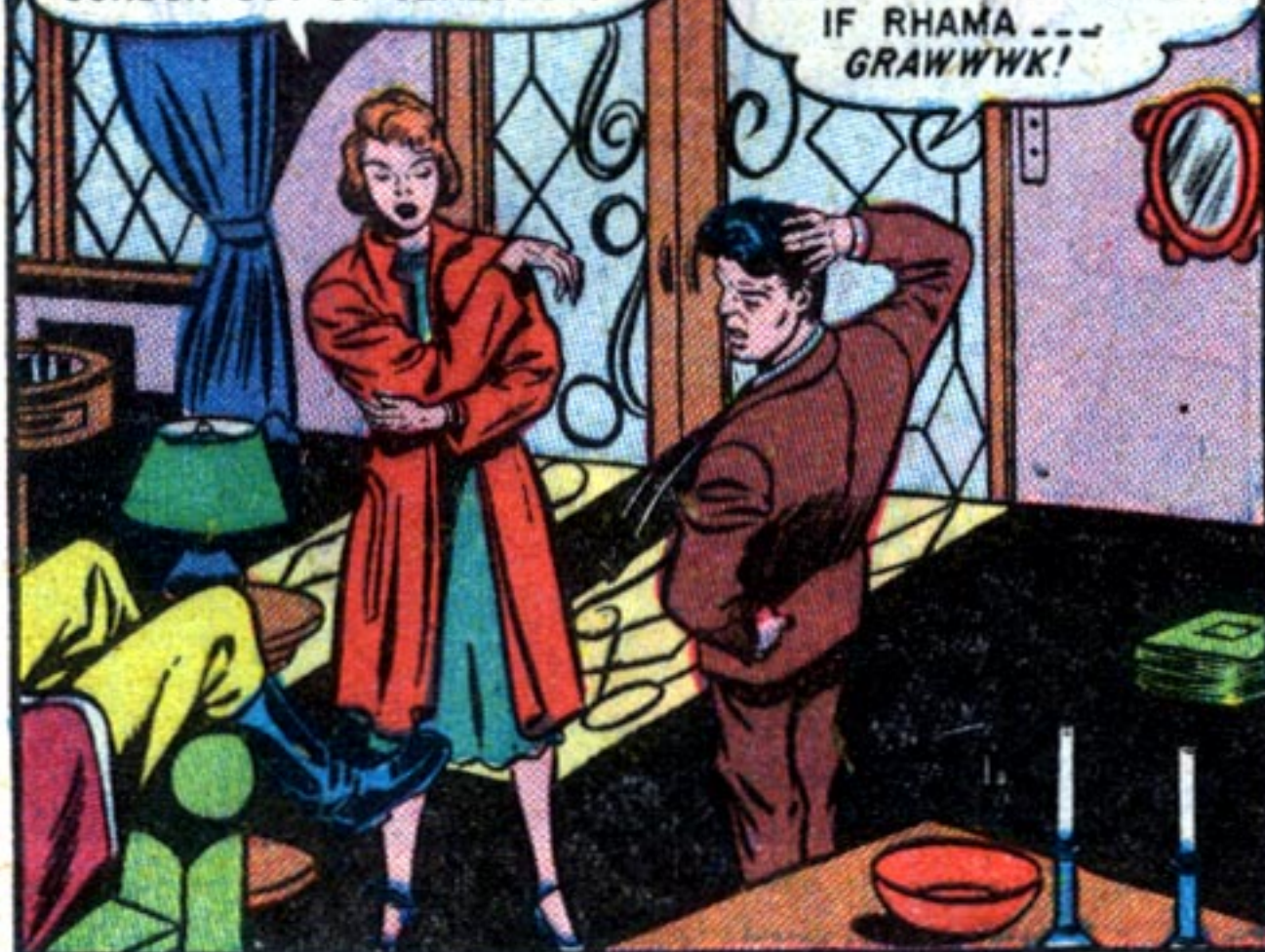
LOOK! HERE'S A PICTURE OF THAT NITA CREATURE, BUT IT'S BEEN TORN IN TWO! IT'S INSCRIBED: TO MY BELOVED!

BINGO! DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS RHAMA DID THAT IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY WHEN SHE DITCHED HIM FOR A NEW BOY FRIEND --- MAYBE CONDON!



MAYBE THAT'S IT! WITH SOME TRICK OR SOME STRANGE POWER, RHAMA MAY HAVE KILLED MR. CONDON OUT OF JEALOUSY!

IT DOESN'T TIE --- AND I'M STILL LOOKING FOR THE MISSING GOLD-TIPPED CIGARETS! IF RHAMA --- GRAWWK!



RHAMA WAS STILL ON THE COUCH --- BUT NOW HE WAS COMMUNING WITH REAL SPIRITS SOMEWHERE!

KEN, IT --- IT MUST HAVE JUST HAPPENED!

A FEW MINUTES AGO! THE KILLER CAME IN, HEARD US IN THE BED-ROOM AND SNATCHED THIS KITCHEN KNIFE! I THINK I KNOW WHY, TOO!



CALL THE POLICE FROM THAT DRUG STORE AND THEN WAIT OUT HERE FOR THEM, DEE DEE! I'M GOING TO FINISH MY TOUR OF SUSPECTS!

PLEASE BE CAREFUL, KEN! I D-DON'T KNOW WHICH IS WORSE --- THE KILLER OR THAT W-WOMAN, NITA!

CRENDEL'S DRUGS SODA



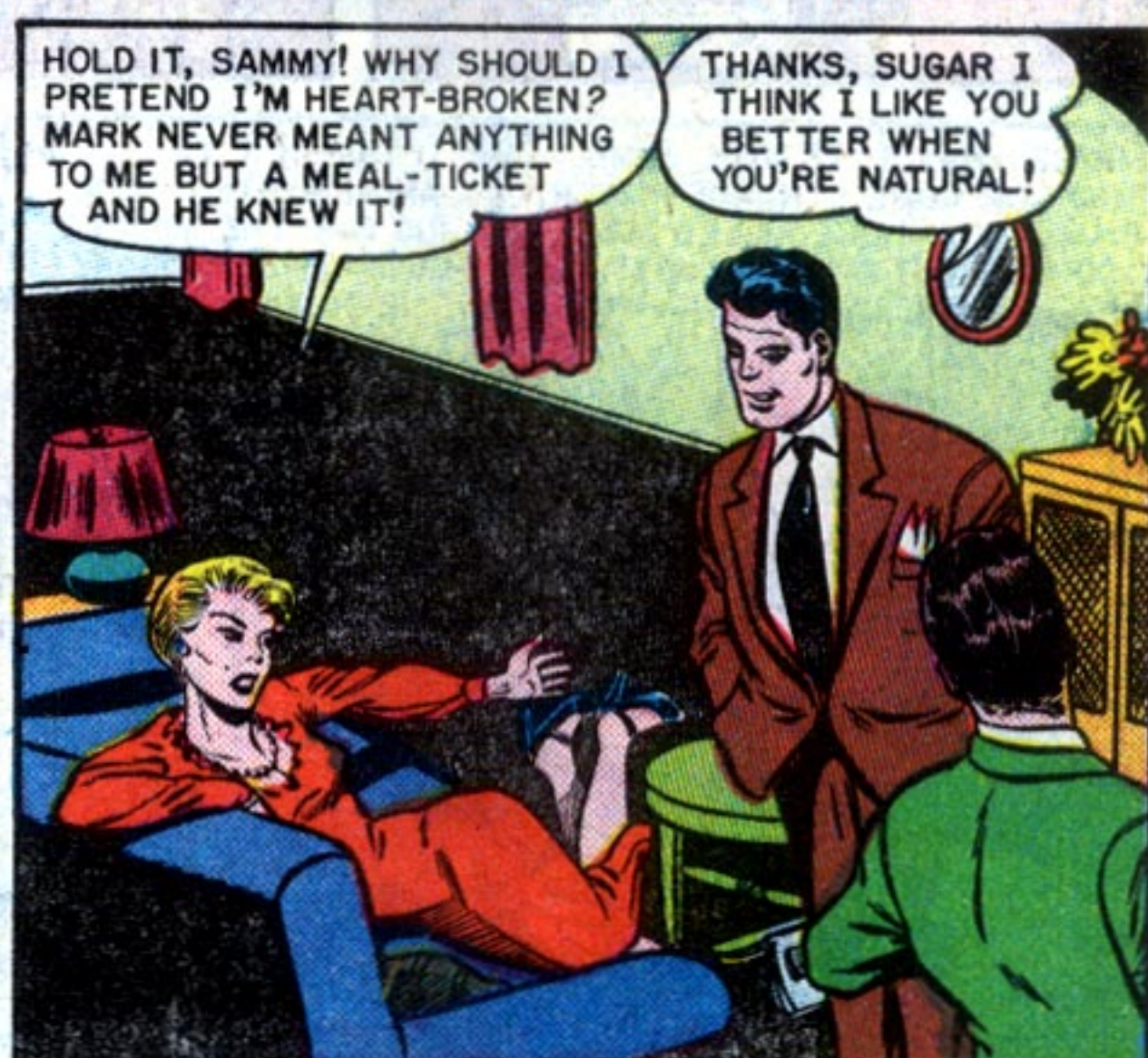
THE WIDOW CONDON WAS FIRST ON MY LIST! WHEN I RANG THE BELL, A PHONOGRAPH SUDDENLY STOPPED PLAYING BEBOB AND A GLASS CLATTERED!

MRS. CONDON? I'M KEN SHANNON, A DETECTIVE YOUR HUSBAND ENGAGED! MAY I COME IN?

OH... ER... NOT TONIGHT, MR. SHANNON! SNIFF! I... I'M TOO OVERCOME WITH GRIEF AND SHOCK TO TALK! PERHAPS TOMORROW ---!



I WAS IN NO MOOD FOR BRUSH-OFFS... ESPECIALLY FROM A DEAL LIKE MYRTLE CONDON!



POLICE COMICS



YOU WENT OUT OF YOUR CLASS, BOY! YOU SHOULD START WITH SLAPPING KIDS AND WORK YOURSELF UP!



OKAY, SWEETIE! YOU CAN WAKE HIM UP AND GO BACK TO YOUR INTERRUPTED GRIEF!

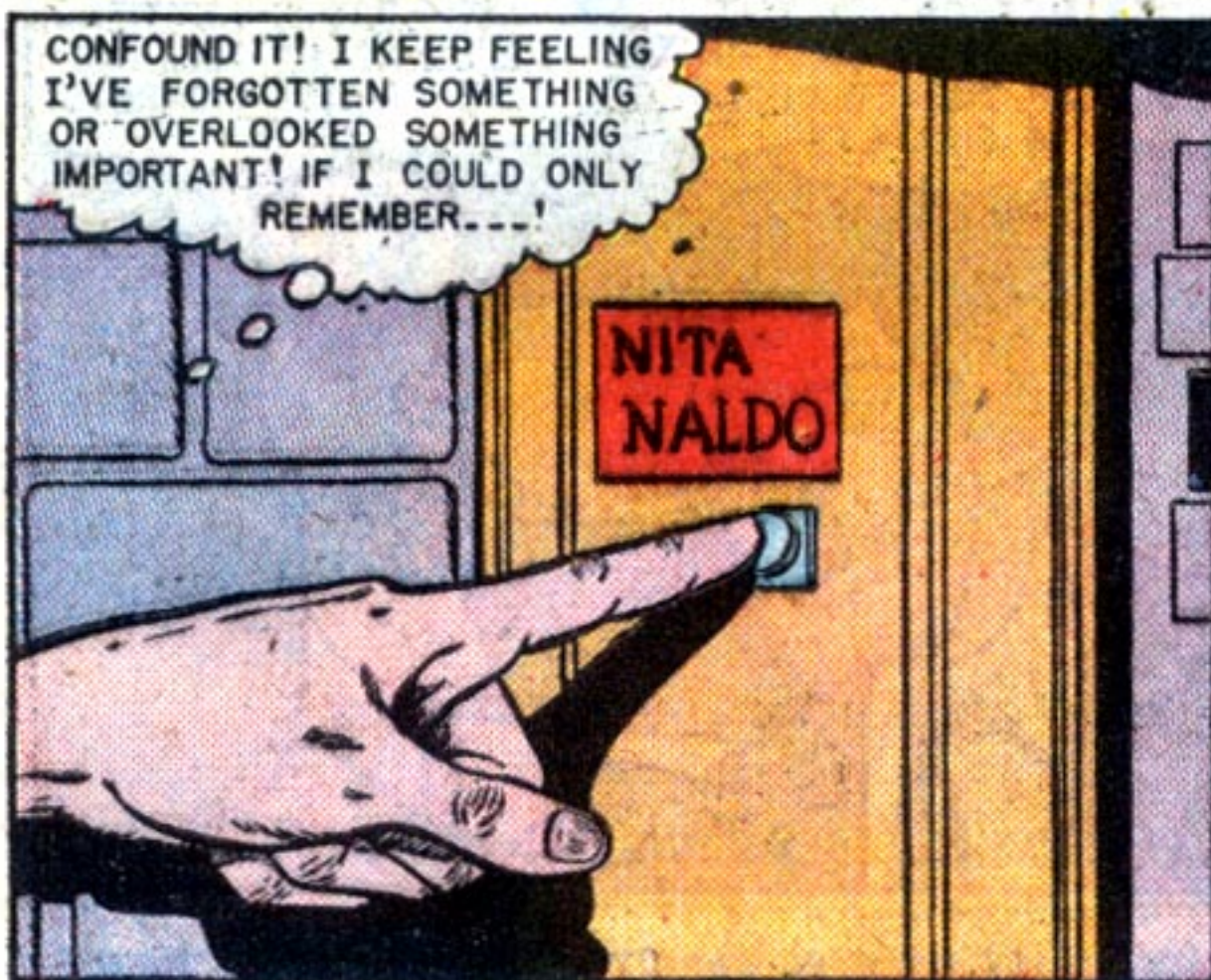
WHY DON'T YOU DROP BACK SOME OTHER TIME, KENNY? THERE MUST BE MORE QUESTIONS YOU'LL THINK OF TO ASK ME!



QUITE A GAL, THAT MYRTLE CONDON! BUT I'D LEARNED SOMETHING! SAM EASTERLY'S HATBAND WAS STILL WARM --- SO HE'D JUST COME IN!

IT'S ONLY TWO BLOCKS TO RHAMA'S PLACE! HE COULD HAVE DONE THE STABBING THEN DUCKED UP HERE FOR A FAST ALIBI!

MY LAST CALL WAS AT NITA'S FLAT! I'LL ADMIT, THE PROSPECT HAD MY OLD ARTERIES WORKING OVERTIME!



CONFOUND IT! I KEEP FEELING I'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING OR OVERLOOKED SOMETHING IMPORTANT! IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER....!

THEN NITA OPENED THE DOOR AND SOMEHOW EVERYTHING ELSE SORT OF SLIPPED MY MIND FOR THE MOMENT!



WHY, MR. SHANNON, DO COME IN! I WAS JUST HOPING YOU MIGHT DROP AROUND FOR A LITTLE CHAT! I'LL FIX A DRINK!

NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL HOSPITALITY, HONEY!



I DON'T BLAME MARK CONDON FOR PREFERRING THIS PLACE TO HOME!

OH...! SO... YOU KNOW ABOUT... MARK AND ME?



SURE, KITTEN... AND SO DO THE COPS! THEY FOUND YOUR PHOTO IN HIS WALLET!

ALL RIGHT! WHY SHOULD I DENY IT? I DIDN'T LOVE HIM BUT HE WAS GOOD TO ME! AND HIS WIFE MEANT NOTHING TO HIM!



YOU DO UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU... KEN? YOU MUST KNOW WHAT A GIRL GOES THROUGH IN A HARSH WORLD OF MEN!

GULP! YOU DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE TO ME, SUGARPUSS! BUT I'LL BET RHAMA WAS BURNED UP! DIDN'T HE THREATEN TO FIX MARK'S CLOCK?



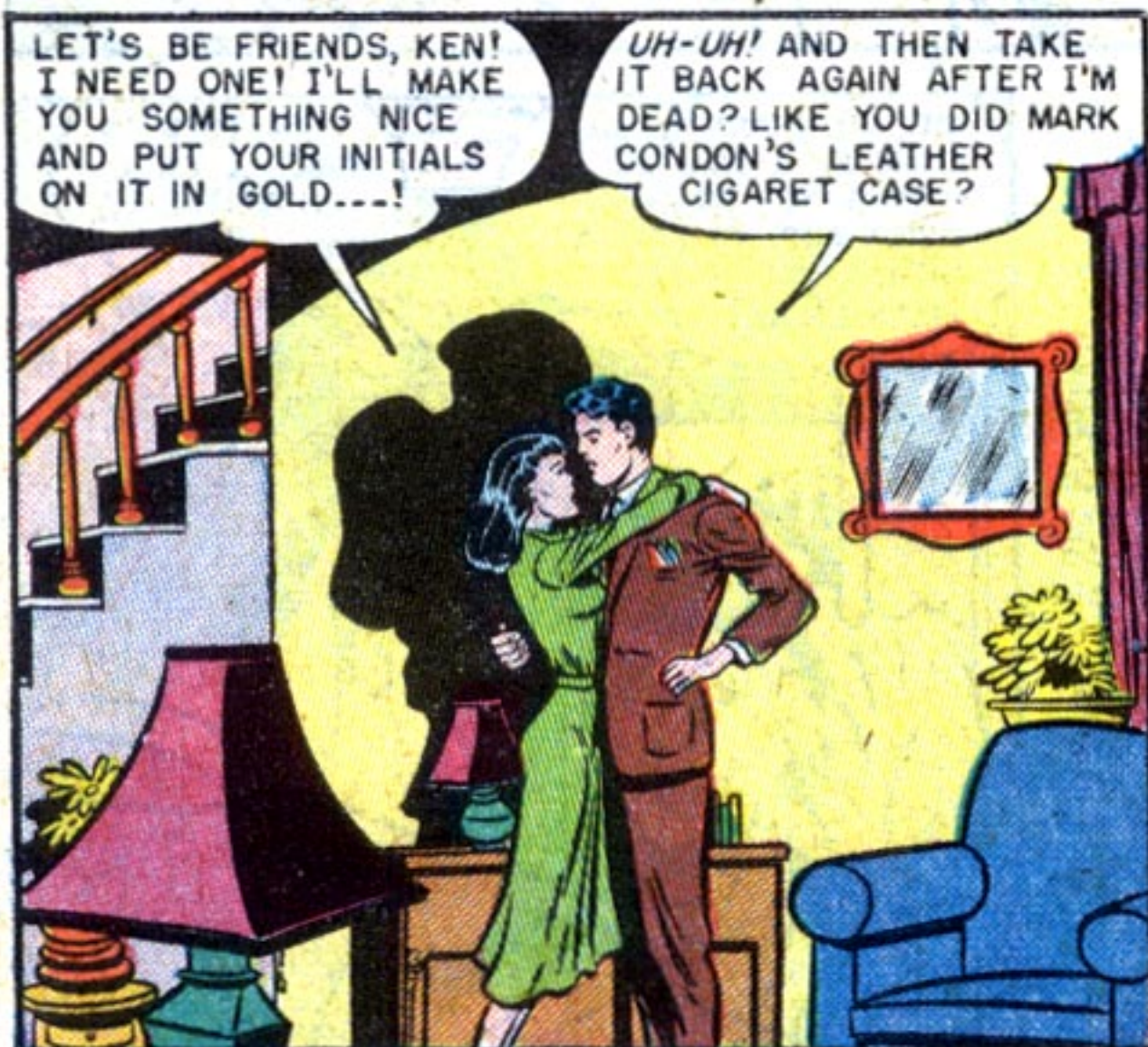
YOU... YOU...! YOU KNOW EVERYTHING DON'T YOU?

I KNOW YOU FIXED A DRINK THAT'S GOING TO WASTE OVER THERE, PET! SHALL WE KEEP IT FROM SPOILING?



WHAT'S THIS BUSINESS, NITA? I THOUGHT YOU WERE STRICTLY A DRY-ICE POPPER BY PROFESSION!

SO YOU EVEN KNOW ABOUT THE GHOSTLY HANDS! OKAY! THAT'S MY HOBBY, KEN! I DO LEATHER-CRAFTING, MAKING WALLETS AND THINGS FOR FRIENDS!



LET'S BE FRIENDS, KEN! I NEED ONE! I'LL MAKE YOU SOMETHING NICE AND PUT YOUR INITIALS ON IT IN GOLD....!

UH-UH! AND THEN TAKE IT BACK AGAIN AFTER I'M DEAD? LIKE YOU DID MARK CONDON'S LEATHER CIGARET CASE?

IT HAD HIT ME JUST LIKE THAT! SUDDENLY ALL THE FORGOTTEN MEMORIES, THE HALF-FORMED BITS OF IDEAS SNAPPED INTO CLEAR FOCUS!



THAT'S AN OLD EAST INDIAN MURDER METHOD, ISN'T IT, HONEY... A SHEET OF THIN GOLD LEAF TUCKED INSIDE A CIGARET?

YOU'RE GUESSING! YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING! YOU'LL NEVER FIND THE CASE OR ANY CIGARETS!



THE VICTIM TAKES A DEEP DRAG AND DRAWS THE GOLD LEAF INTO HIS WINDPIPE WHERE IT STICKS AND CUTS OFF HIS AIR! A SUPERFICIAL AUTOPSY WOULD NEVER REVEAL IT!

KEEP TALKING, SMART BOY! YOU'RE DIGGING YOUR OWN GRAVE!

IF YOU THINK MY SKIN WASN'T CRAWLING ABOUT THEN, YOU'RE NUTS! THERE WAS CRAZY MADNESS IN NITA NALDO'S LOVELY EYES!



YOU DIDN'T DESTROY ALL THE CIGARETS, GORGEOUS! MARK CONDON GAVE ME ONE I SAVED TO SMOKE LATER! I STILL HAVE IT INTACT! WITH YOUR GOLD LEAF INSIDE!

I WAS THINKING LIKE CHAIN-LIGHTNING, WHILE COLD SWEAT TRICKLED DOWN MY BACK! NITA HAD IT ALL FIGURED!

BUT YOU WON'T BE ALIVE TO TELL ANYBODY! SEE? YOU ATTACKED ME AND I HAD TO KILL YOU! MEN DO GO WILD OVER ME, YOU KNOW!

THIS SHOULD GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS BLOODY TUESDAY! FIRST MARK CONDON, THEN RHAMA KANANDA... AND NOW ME!



RHAM...? YOU... YOU'RE LYING! RHAMA ISN'T DEAD!

HE'LL NEVER BE ANY DEADDER! YOUR BOY FRIEND SENT HIM TO COMMUNE WITH THE SPIRITS VIA A BUTCHER KNIFE, SWEETHEART!



YOU'RE A BUNDLE OF CUTE TRICKS, TOOTS, BUT I THINK YOU'VE BEEN PLAYED FOR A SUCKER! HE MEANT TO LEAVE YOU HOLDING THE BAG!

YOU'RE LYING! HE LOVES ME! LET ME GO!



I WAS DOING FINE... UNTIL THE GUY I WAS GOSSIPING ABOUT POPPED UP AND SHOVED A ROD IN MY SPINE!

YOU HEARD HER, WISE BOY! LET NITA GO!

WULPE OH, HELLO, SAM! DID YOUR EARS BURN A MOMENT AGO?



YOUR TRICK IS STILL GOOD, NITA! SHANNON KNOWS TOO MUCH TO GO ON LIVING!

OH, SAM, SAM... HE SAID YOU KILLED RHAMA! TELL ME HE LIED!



DON'T BE DUMB, BABY! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE NEWS? CONDON LEFT HIS MONEY TO MYRTLE AFTER ALL... SO SAM'S GOING TO SELL YOU OUT AND MARRY HER!

IS THAT TRUE? SAM, ANSWER ME! YOU SWORE I WAS NAMED IN THE WILL...!



GET BACK AND SHUT UP, YOU LITTLE FOOL! SHANNON, IF IT WOULDN'T SPOIL THE PICTURE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE BEFORE I KILL YOU!

ARE YOU AWAKE NOW, NITA? HE'S GOING TO MAKE IT A DOUBLE MURDER! WE KILLED EACH OTHER WHEN I DISCOVERED YOUR GUILT! HE'S GOT YOU COLD!



POLICE COMICS



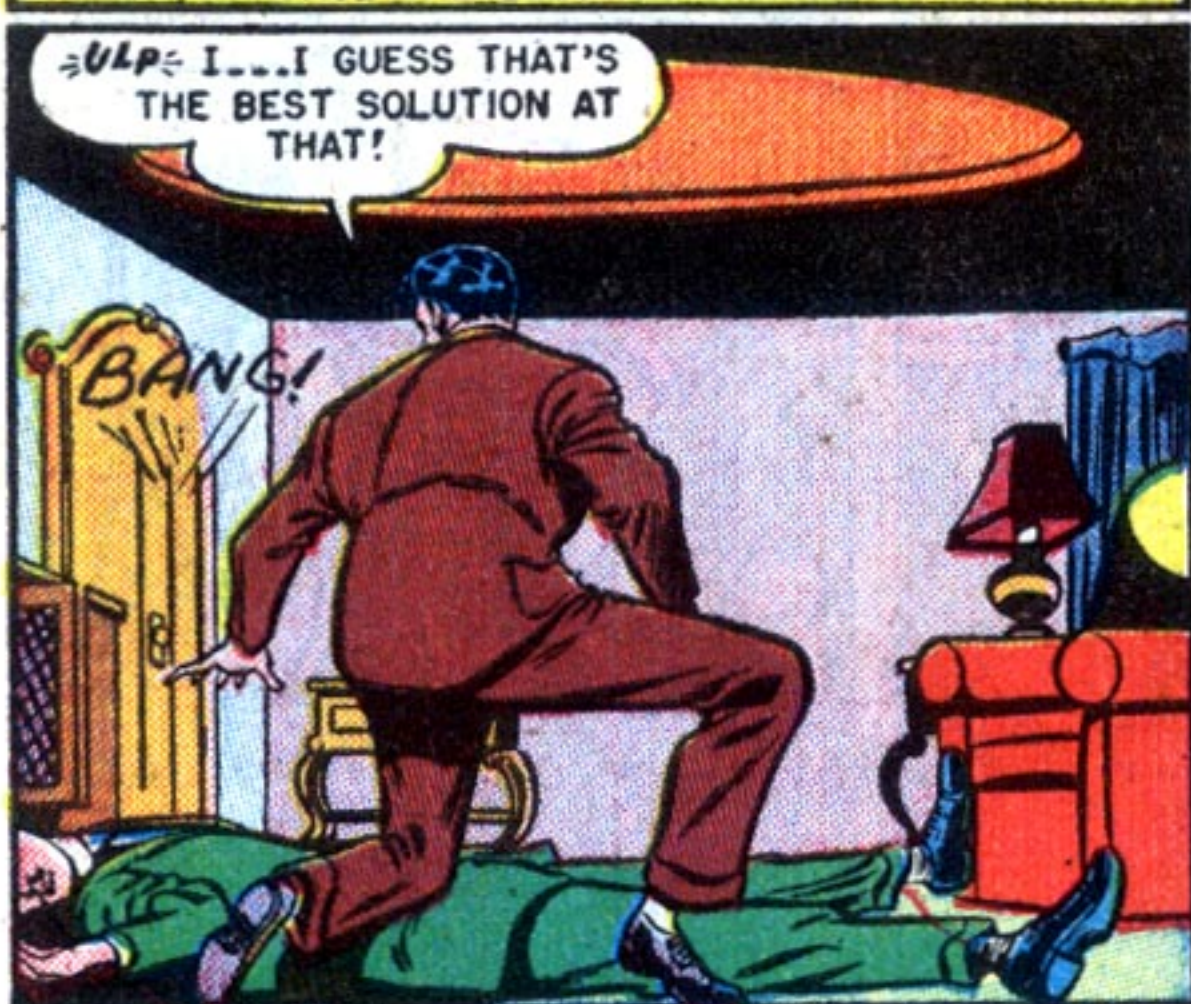
IT WORKED! I HAD NEEDED NITA TO THE BREAKING POINT!



I MADE A DIVE FOR HER, AND CAUGHT MY FOOT ON THE BODY OF THE LATE SAMUEL EASTERLY...



I DIDN'T HAVE TO LOOK IN THE BEDROOM TO INTERPRET THAT LAST SHOT! NITA NALDO WOULD NEVER FACE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

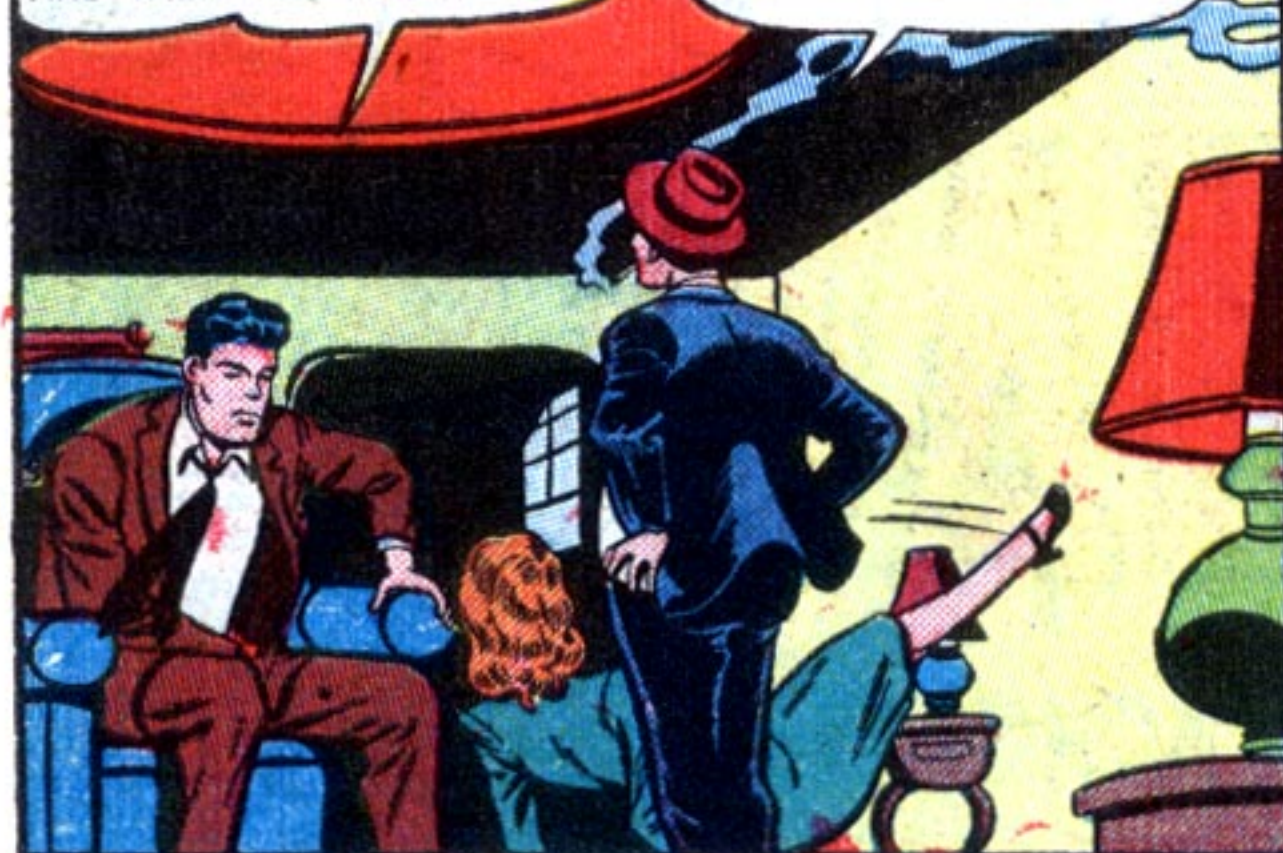


BEFORE I PHONED ART CLYDE TO COLLECT THE EVIDENCE, I FINISHED THE DRINK NITA HAD MIXED! I NEEDED IT!



SAM PLANNED IT ALL, NITA DID IT AND RHAMA HELPED THE BUILD-UP! BUT RHAMA WAS A LUSH! SAM KILLED HIM FOR FEAR HE'D GET CANNED UP AND TALK TOO MUCH!

WHAT A PLOT! WE FOUND THAT GOLD LEAF IN CONDON'S WINDPIPE, FINALLY! SAM KNEW WE WOULD... AND PIN IT RIGHT ON NITA! WHAT A RAT HE WAS!



I THINK MYRTLE WAS WISE TO SOMETHING BUT YOU CAN'T PIN IT ON HER! SHE'LL LOUSE HERSELF UP SOON ENOUGH, ANYHOW!

ALL RIGHT, MR. KEN SHANNON! YOU'VE TOLD YOUR STORY! NOW HOW ABOUT GIVING AN INNOCENT GIRL SOME ATTENTION FOR A CHANGE!



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WITH EXCITEMENT!**

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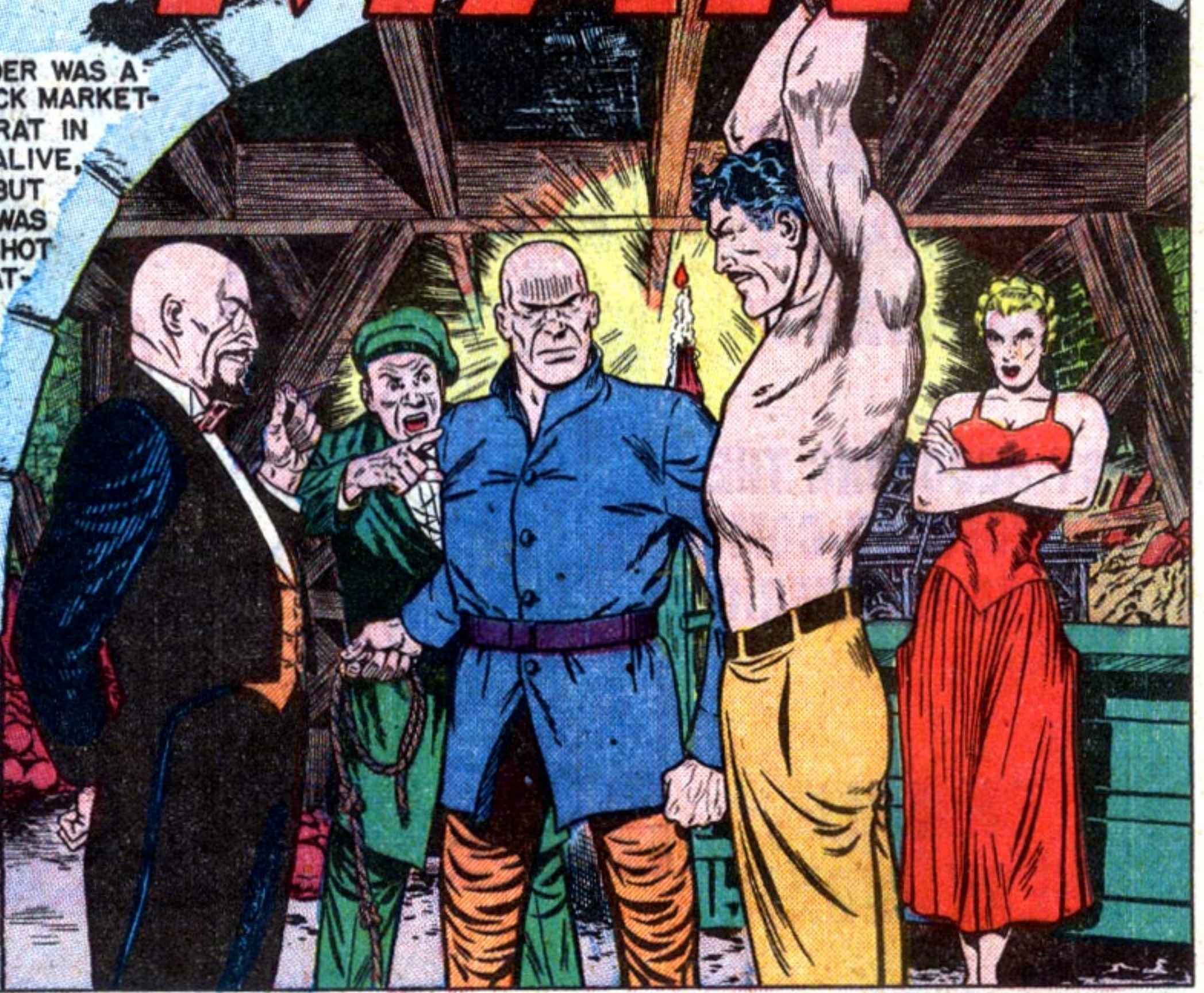
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WITH THE GREATEST HEROES OF THEM ALL...**

The
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T-MAN

LITTLE WILLIE LIEDER WAS A PETTY THIEF, A BLACK MARKET-EEER, A SMALL TIME RAT IN BATTERED BERLIN! ALIVE, HE WAS A NOBODY! BUT DEAD, WILLY LIEDER WAS THE TRIGGER THAT SHOT ME INTO A SAVAGE BATTLE OF WITS IN THE RAT RUNS UNDER THE BOMB RUBBLE! THE NEWSPAPERS TALK OF THE COLD WAR... BUT YOU NEVER READ OF ANOTHER WAR, FOUGHT IN THE SINISTER SHADOWS OF NIGHT BETWEEN ALLIED AGENTS AND THE CRUEL-EST, CLEVEREST, SECRET ARMY IN ALL HISTORY, DEEP IN THE CELLAR UNDER...
"THE DEATH HOUSE AT BERGENSTRASSE 13!"



ONLY THE PROMISE OF A FORTUNE IN AMERICAN DOLLARS COULD HAVE TURNED A RAT LIKE WILLY INTO A DARING THIEF!

I WAS HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD, WINDING UP A CASE IN RANGOON, THE NIGHT WILLY LIEDER BECAME A PART OF BLOODY HISTORY IN BERLIN!



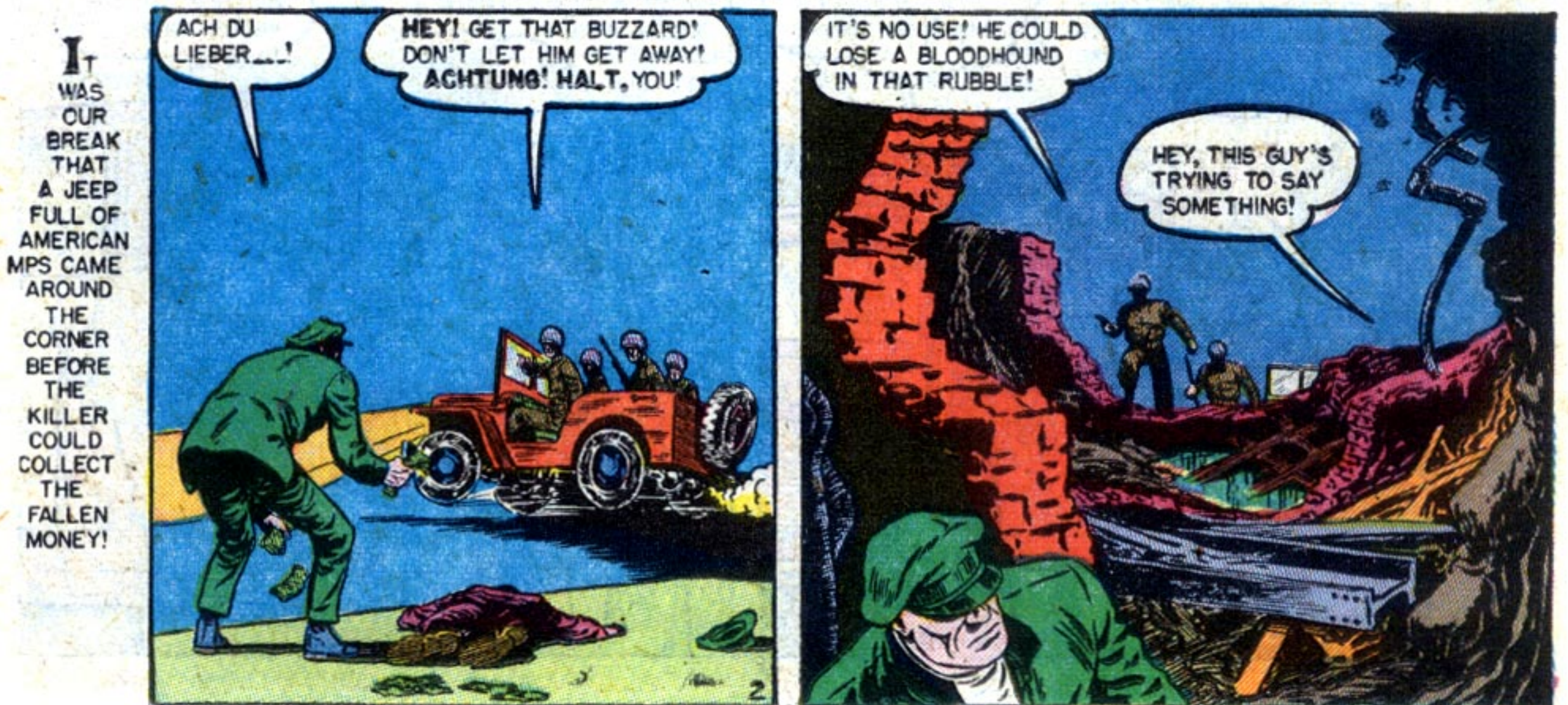
I WILL BE RICH... RICH! AMERICAN DOLLARS THEY PROMISE ME!



POLICE COMICS



AS WE RECONSTRUCTED THE PICTURE
LATER, THEY PAID WILLY OFF— BUT
CASH WAS ONLY THE FIRST INSTALL-
MENT OF HIS PAYOFF!





GET... LUDER
...LUD...
ARGHHH!

HE'S GONE! WHATEVER HE WAS
TRYING TO SAY, HE DIDN'T MAKE
IT!

WITHIN
THIRTY-SIX
HOURS I
WAS IN
BERLIN,
HEARING
WHAT
WAS
KNOWN
OF THE
STORY
FROM
COLONEL
BLAKE
OF THE
AMERICAN
OCCUPATION
FORCES!



WHAT A DEAL! THE SPY RING
PAYS OFF ITS STOOGES IN
COUNTERFEIT AMERICAN
MONEY IN EXCHANGE FOR
GENUINE MILITARY SECRETS!

NOT EXACTLY, TRASK! THE
PAPERS WILLY LIEDER STOLE
WERE PHONIES, TOO! WE
PLANTED THEM IN HOPES
OF TRAPPING THE SPIES!



WE THINK WILLY
WAS TRYING TO
SAY LUDERDORF
WHEN HE DIED! WE
HAVE LONG SUS-
PECTED THIS ANTON
LUDERDORF OF
BEING A SPY!

GOOD! THAT GIVES
ME A STARTING
POINT, COLONEL
BLAKE! ANY OTHER
INFORMATION?



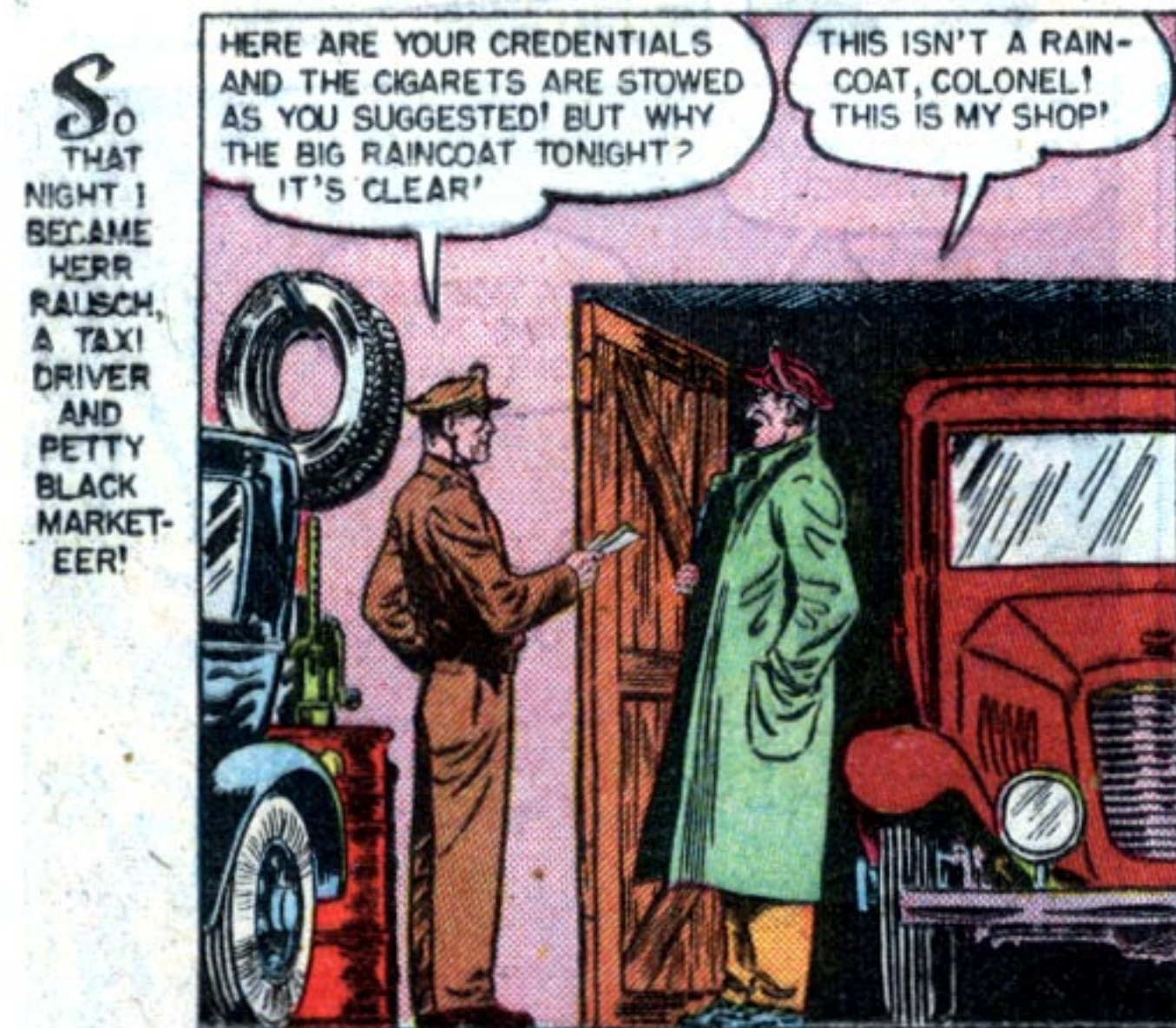
ONLY THAT LUDERDORF
HANGS AROUND CAFES
WITH THE GIRL IN THIS
PHOTO, WANDA KOLAS!

WHEEW! I
WAS SCARED
FOR A MINUTE
THIS MIGHT BE
A DULL CASE!



I'M GETTING AN
IDEA! CAN YOU FIX
ME UP AS A TAXI
DRIVER AND GET
ME A CASE OF
AMERICAN CIGARETS?

TRASK, I'LL GET YOU
UNTER DEN LINDEN
WITH A PINK RIBBON
ON IT IF YOU'LL
CRACK THIS CASE
FOR ME?



SO
THAT
NIGHT I
BECAME
HERR
RAUSCH,
A TAXI
DRIVER
AND PETTY
BLACK
MARKET-
EER!

HERE ARE YOUR CREDENTIALS
AND THE CIGARETS ARE STOWED
AS YOU SUGGESTED! BUT WHY
THE BIG RAINCOAT TONIGHT?
IT'S CLEAR!

THIS ISN'T A RAIN-
COAT, COLONEL!
THIS IS MY SHOP!



SEE? SECRET POCKETS! A CAB
DRIVER IN BERLIN NEEDS A
SIDELINE! MINE'S
COFFEE AND
CIGARETS!

SMART MAN! BEST
OF LUCK, TRASK!
WATCH YOURSELF!

POLICE COMICS

AN HOUR LATER I GOT MY BREAK WHEN A CAB BROUGHT HERR LUDERDORF AND WANDA KOLAS TO THE CLUB PIGOLE!



AND WAIT RIGHT HERE HANS! NO FARES, NO DRIFTING AWAY!

JAWOHL, HERR LUDERDORF!

I GOT ANOTHER FLASH BRAIN-STORM THEN AND PUT IN A QUICK CALL TO COLONEL BLAKE!



YOU'VE GOT THE PITCH NOW, COLONEL? MAKE IT ROUGH AND MAKE IT GOOD! TRY TO GET THE SQUAD HERE IN TEN MINUTES!

MY CALL MADE, I WENT TO WORK ON HANS! REMEMBER, AMERICAN CIGARETS ARE BETTER THAN MONEY IN BERLIN...



ACH, WHY SHOULD YOU GIVE ME CIGARETS, HERREN?

YOU LOOK LIKE A SMART MAN, HEIN? I HAVE JUST COME TO THIS ZONE! I NEED SMART MEN TO HELP ME ON A LITTLE DEAL!

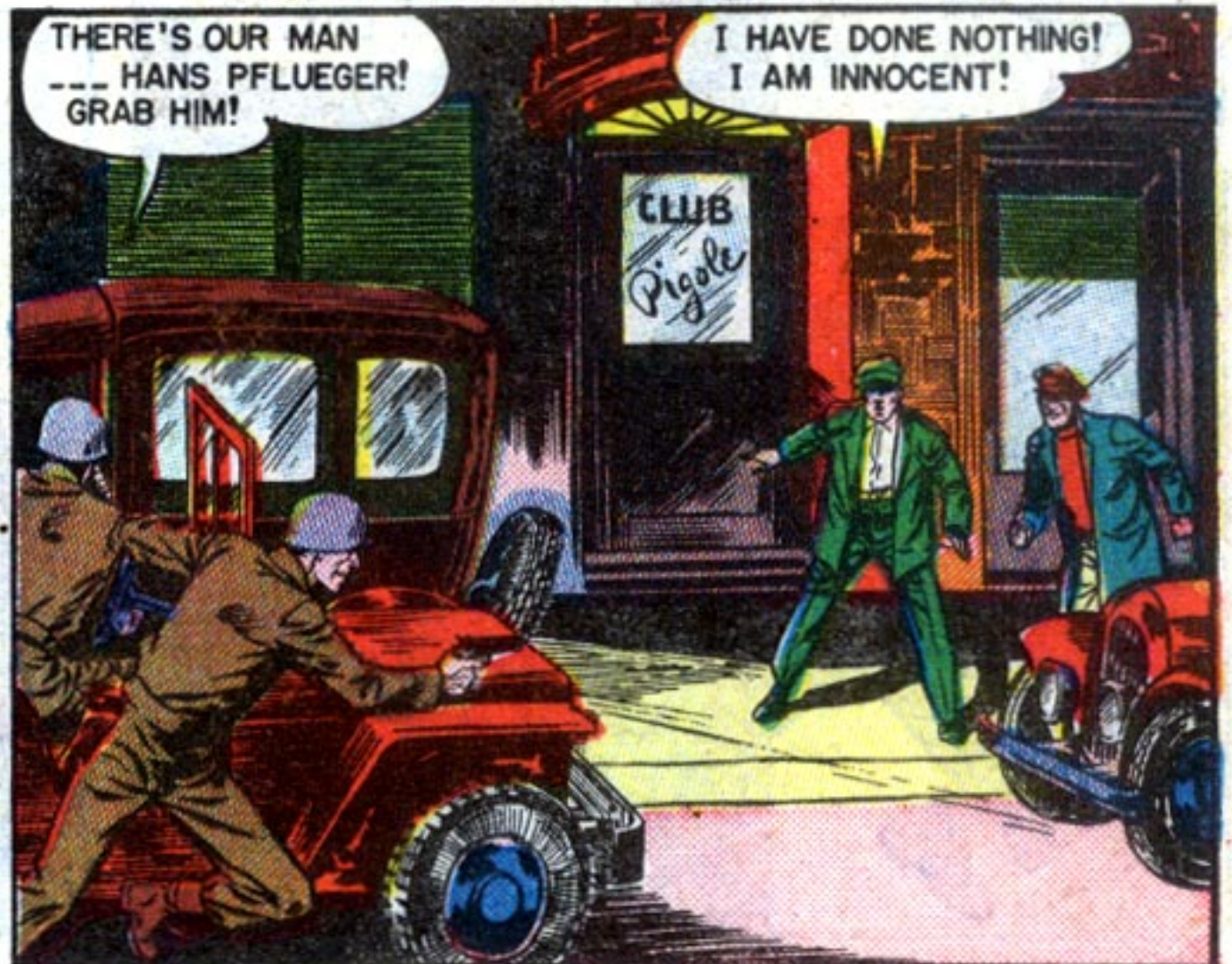
THE WAY HANS EYES GLEAMED I KNEW I HAD HIM HOOKED!



I HAVE CONNECTIONS HIGH UP! I CAN GET AMERIKANER GOODS TO PEDdle BUT I NEED MEN!

SHHH! SEE ME LATER, HERR RAUSCH! I AM ON SOMETHING NOW BUT IT CAN BE DROPPED FOR GREATER PROFIT!

JUST THEN COLONEL BLAKE'S SQUAD ARRIVED!



THERE'S OUR MAN --- HANS PFLUEGER! GRAB HIM!

I HAVE DONE NOTHING! I AM INNOCENT!

I WENT INTO MY ACT!

PSST! RUN FOR IT, MY FRIEND! I WILL KEEP THE STUPID POLIZEI OCCUPIED!

JUST A MINUTE, DUMKOPFS! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO ARREST MY GOOD FRIEND!



YEAH? MAYBE YOU'RE THE BIRD WE'RE AFTER, AT THAT! GRAB HIM!

PIGS! TAKE YOUR STUPID HANDS OFF ME!



POLICE COMICS

I COULDN'T HAVE TIMED IT BETTER! LUDERDORF AND WANDA CAME OUT JUST AS I WENT INTO MY ACT!



LOOK OUT! PFLEUGER'S GETTING AWAY...

RUN HANS! I WILL KEEP THESE DUNDER-KOPFS OCCUPIED!



PFLEUGER'S SMALL POTATOES! GET THAT GUY!



HOW'D WE DO, CHUM?



PERFECT, BOYS! NOW STAY AWAY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO DO MY STUFF!

EVEN LUDERDORF'S EYES BUGGED WHEN I STROLLED CALMLY BACK!



STUPID POLICE! THEY WILL BE SHOOTING AT RATS AND SHADOWS FOR AN HOUR! YOU WISH A TAXI, HERR UND FRAULEIN?

YOU...YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO RETURN HERE SO SOON?



WHY NOT? I HAVE A LARGE INVESTMENT IN MY CAB!

YOU ARE A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART! DRIVE US TO THE CAFE BRUGER WHERE WE CAN DISCUSS A PROFITABLE LITTLE DEAL IN PRIVATE!

I GAVE A SILENT CHEER! I WAS IN! I BEGAN TO FEEL A SILLY HOPE THAT MAYBE THIS CASE WOULD BE A BREEZE! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER!



... BECAUSE SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING THEN I COULDN'T KNOW ABOUT!

HERR RAUSCH IS MY FRIEND! HE GAVE ME TIME TO GET AWAY! NO-BODY CAN FIND... ACH!

OKAY! I GUESS WE HAVE PUT ON A GOOD ENOUGH SHOW FOR THE T-MAN! LET'S GO BACK!



BOY, THOSE U.S. TREASURY AGENTS TAKE CHANCES! IMAGINE POSING AS A GERMAN CABDRIVER NAMED RAUSCH... AND GETTING AWAY WITH IT!

YEAH!

?!?

POLICE COMICS

MEANWHILE I WAS IN THE CAFE BRUGER, HAPPY IN MY IGNORANCE!



JUST THEN A WAITER WHO LOOKED MORE LIKE AN OGPU AGENT THAN A GERMAN CAME UP AND WHISPERED TO LUDERDORF!



I HAVE TO HAND IT TO WANDA... SHE TRIED!



THE MOMENT LUDERDORF WALKED IN WITH HANS, THE CABBY, THE HAIR ON MY NECK STARTED RISING! I COULD SENSE TROUBLE!



THAT SIXTH SENSE THAT WARNS AGENTS TOLD ME OF DEADLY MENACE BEHIND THEIR FRIENDLINESS!



DRIVE TO BERGENSTRASSE 13, AND PARK AROUND THE CORNER, MY FREUND!



BROTHER, I WAS SWEATING BY THEN! BUT TO RUN OUT NOW WOULD RUIN OUR CHANCES COMPLETELY!



POLICE COMICS

RIGHT THEN I KNEW HOW IT FELT TO BE MOUSE IN A CAT-AND-MOUSE GAME!



HERE IT WAS, OUT IN THE OPEN! THE PLAY-ACTING WAS OVER!



WHEN A MAN FACES DEATH, HE TRIES ANY GAMBLE... AND I SHOT MY WAD ON A LONG CHANCE!



MAX TOOK HIS EYES OFF ME FOR THAT PRECIOUS SECOND!



I FORGOT ONE BASIC LAW OF THE DEPARTMENT... NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ON THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES!

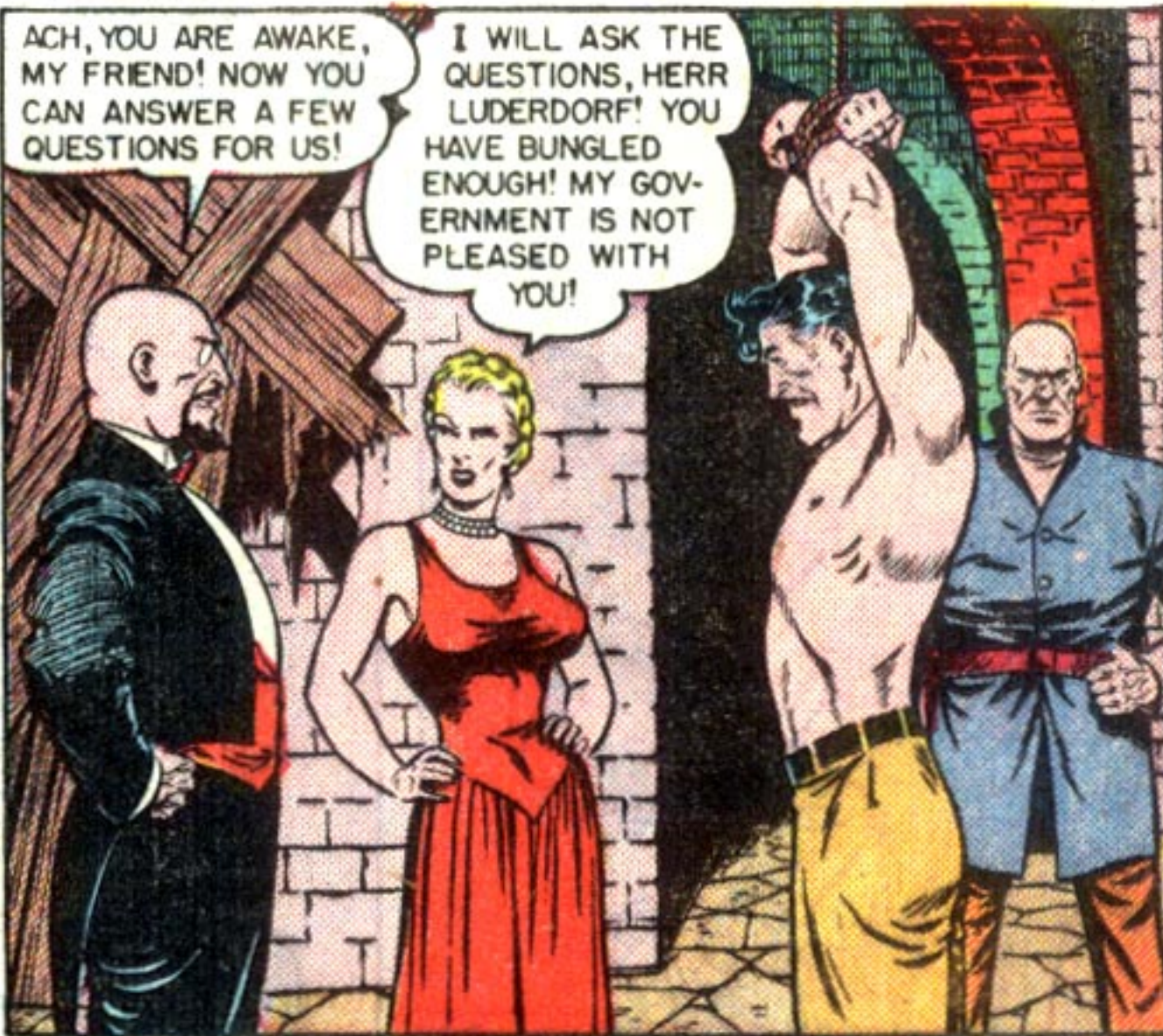


WHEN I REALIZED MY MISTAKE, IT WAS TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT! BROTHER, I HAD BEEN HAD --- BUT GOOD!



WHAAA...!

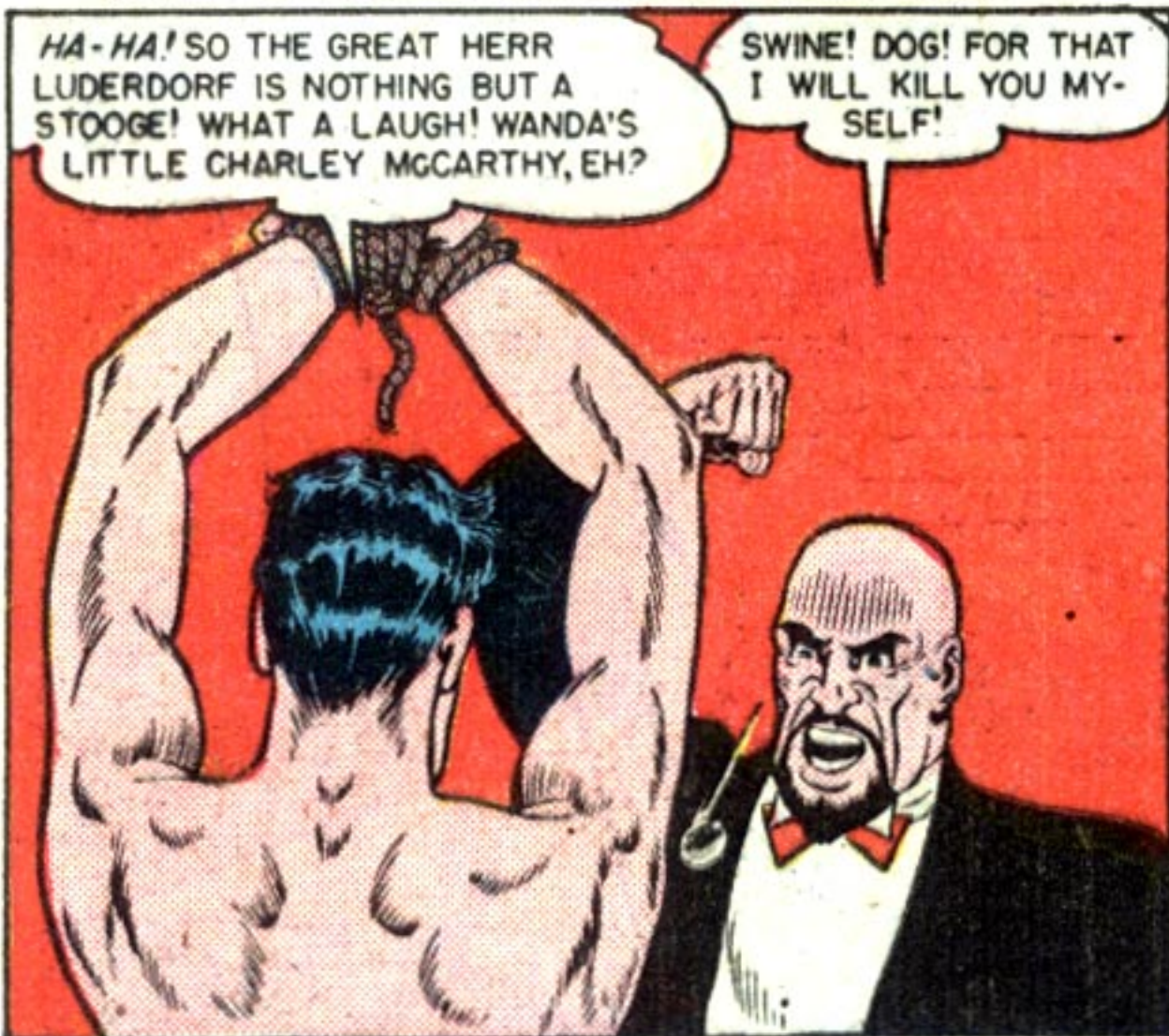
WHEN I SAILED BACK OUT OF THE DARKNESS, THE PICTURE HAD BEEN CHANGED --- BUT NOT FOR THE BETTER!



ACH, YOU ARE AWAKE, MY FRIEND! NOW YOU CAN ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS FOR US!

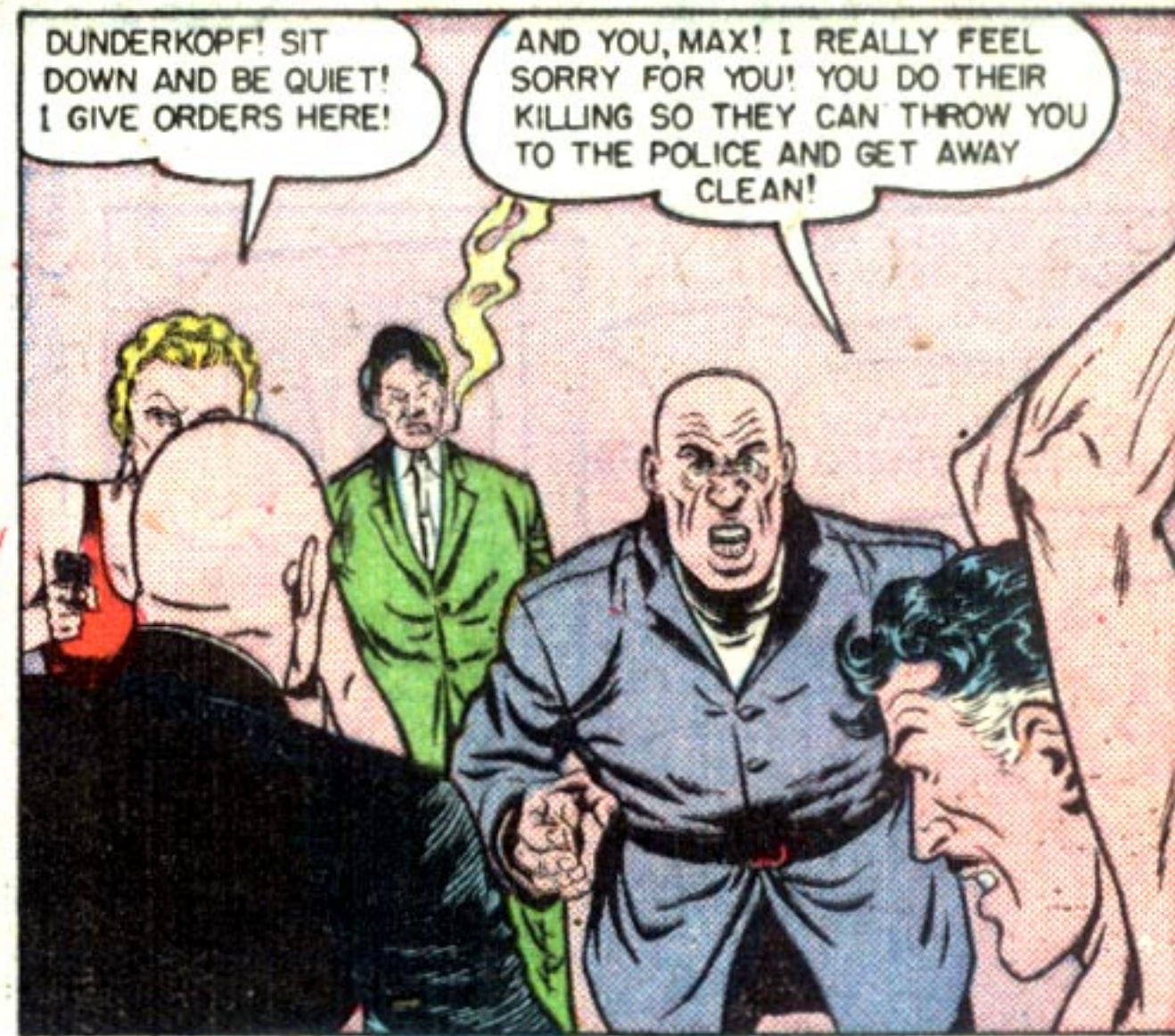
I WILL ASK THE QUESTIONS, HERR LUDERDORF! YOU HAVE BUNGLED ENOUGH! MY GOVERNMENT IS NOT PLEASED WITH YOU!

I HAD TO DO SOMETHING DESPERATE AND QUICK!



HA-HA! SO THE GREAT HERR LUDERDORF IS NOTHING BUT A STOOGE! WHAT A LAUGH! WANDA'S LITTLE CHARLEY MCCARTHY, EH?

SWINE! DOG! FOR THAT I WILL KILL YOU MYSELF!



DUNDERKOPF! SIT DOWN AND BE QUIET! I GIVE ORDERS HERE!

AND YOU, MAX! I REALLY FEEL SORRY FOR YOU! YOU DO THEIR KILLING SO THEY CAN THROW YOU TO THE POLICE AND GET AWAY CLEAN!

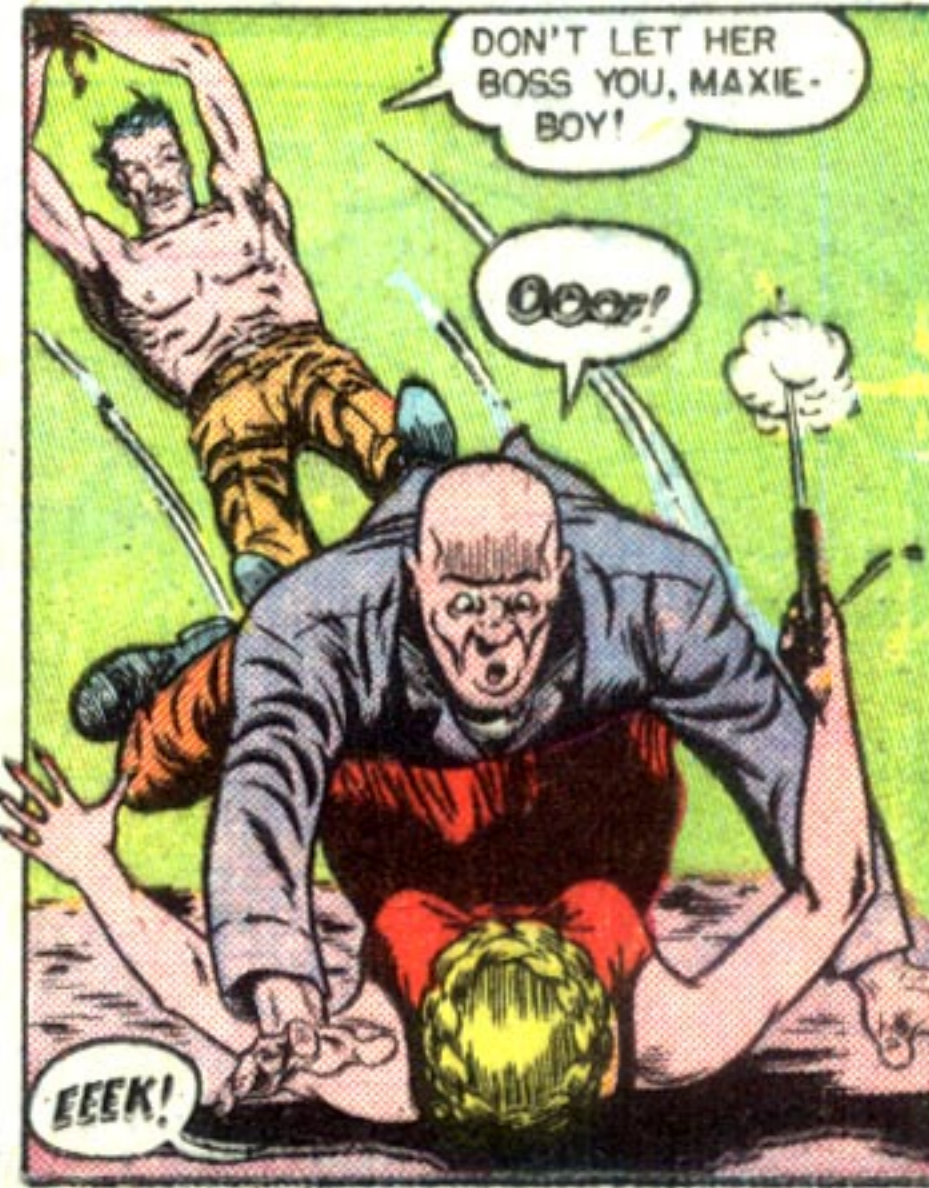


MAX! GIVE HIM THE END OF THE ROPE TO SHUT HIS MOUTH!

SURE, MAX! SHE'S AFRAID YOU MIGHT THINK FOR YOURSELF! YOU KNOW WHO'LL HANG FOR THE KILLINGS, DON'T YOU? NOT HER!



BACK! GET BACK, SCHWEIN, OR I FIRE!



DON'T LET HER BOSS YOU, MAXIE-BOY!

Ooor!

EEK!

POLICE COMICS

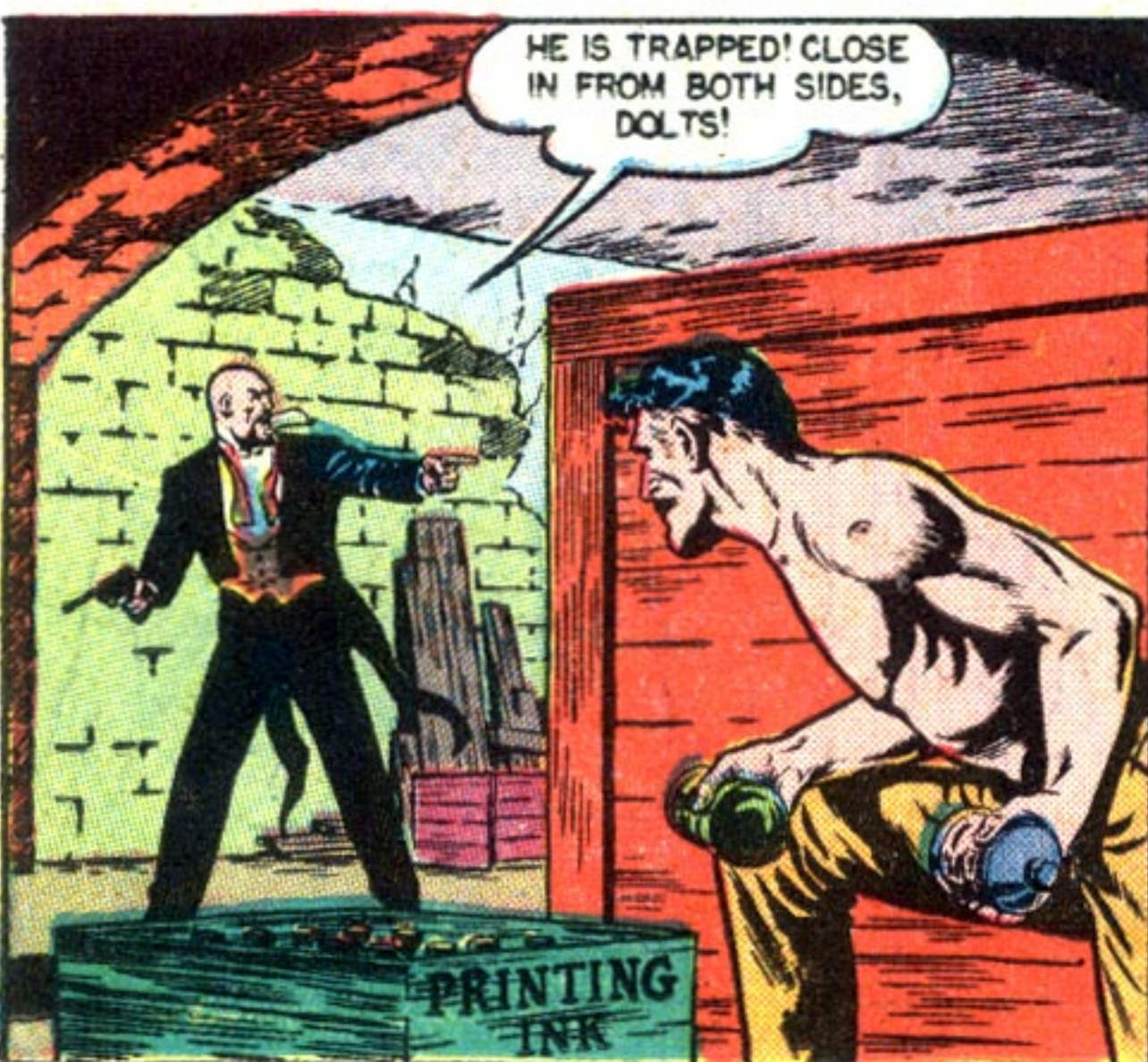
AS OF THAT MOMENT, THINGS GOT A LITTLE CONFUSED!



HAN'S ADDED WEIGHT THEN BROKE THE KNOT!



THERE WAS A DOOR BACK IN THE SHADOWS! I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE IT LED... BUT I KNEW WHERE I WAS HEADED IF I HUNG AROUND THERE!

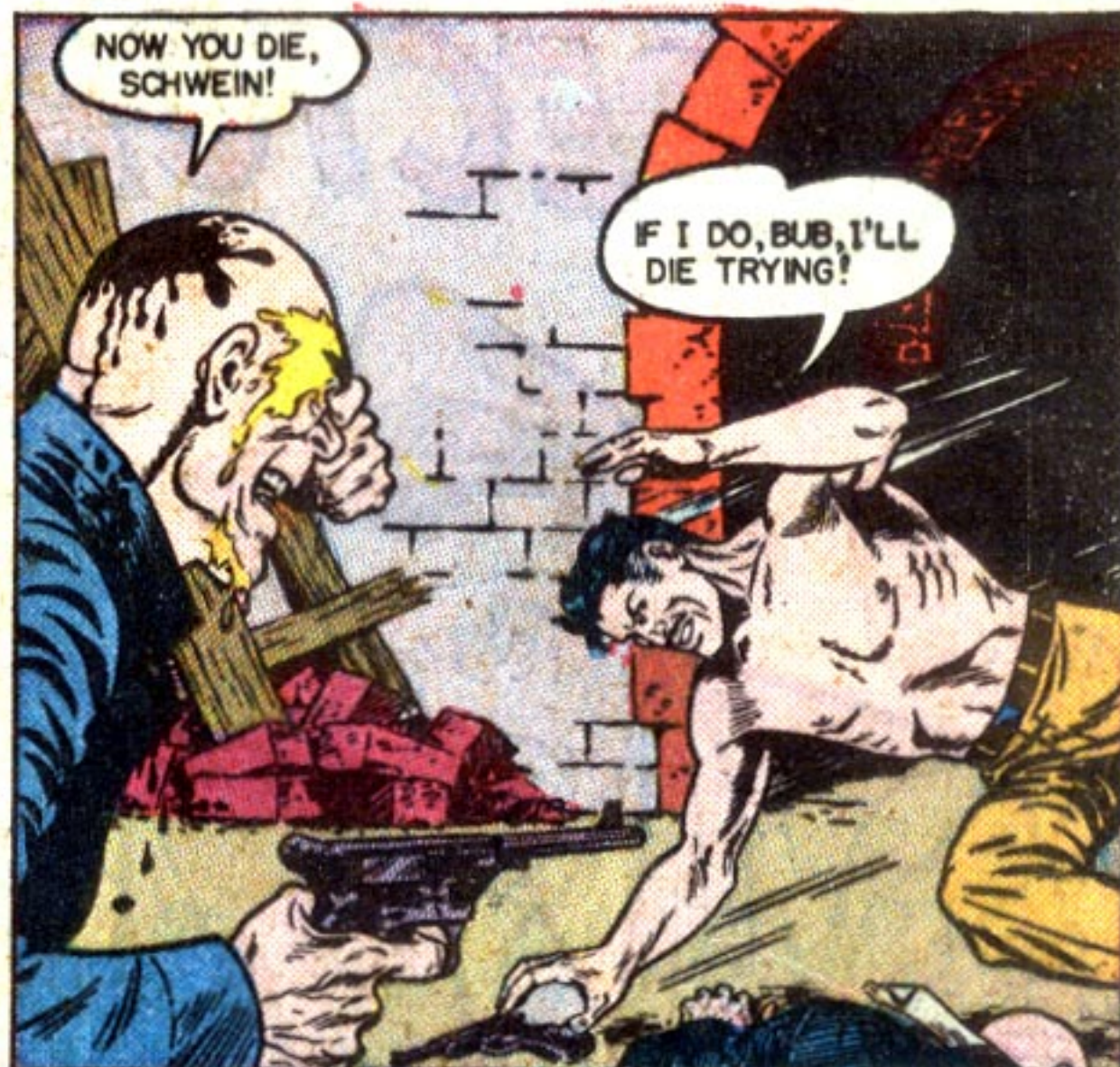


IN A PINCH LIKE THAT, ANYTHING IS A WEAPON!



POLICE COMICS

THEY WERE STILL BEING LOUDLY ALLERGIC TO EYES FULL OF INK WHEN I CLOSED IN FOR THE KILL!



OUR LEAD CROSSED! A HOT HAMMER SLUGGED MY LEFT SHOULDER, BUT FOR ME, THE LONG HOURS ON THE DEPARTMENT PISTOL RANGE PAID OFF!



INSPECTOR DENVER



FOR ONE THING, MORE THAN A YEAR HAS PASSED SINCE JACK SENNICK AND BIG ED PEABODY FOUGHT FOR THE CROWN OF THE CRIMINAL EMPIRE!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, BIG ED! YOU'LL PAY PLENTY!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, JACK! I ONLY LET YOU LIVE SO I CAN GRAB THE DOUGH. YOU CHISEL OUT OF SUCKERS! KEEP DIGGING!

BUT SENNICK WAS COLD, CALCULATING, RUTHLESS! WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS HE STRUCK BACK AT HIS ENEMY!

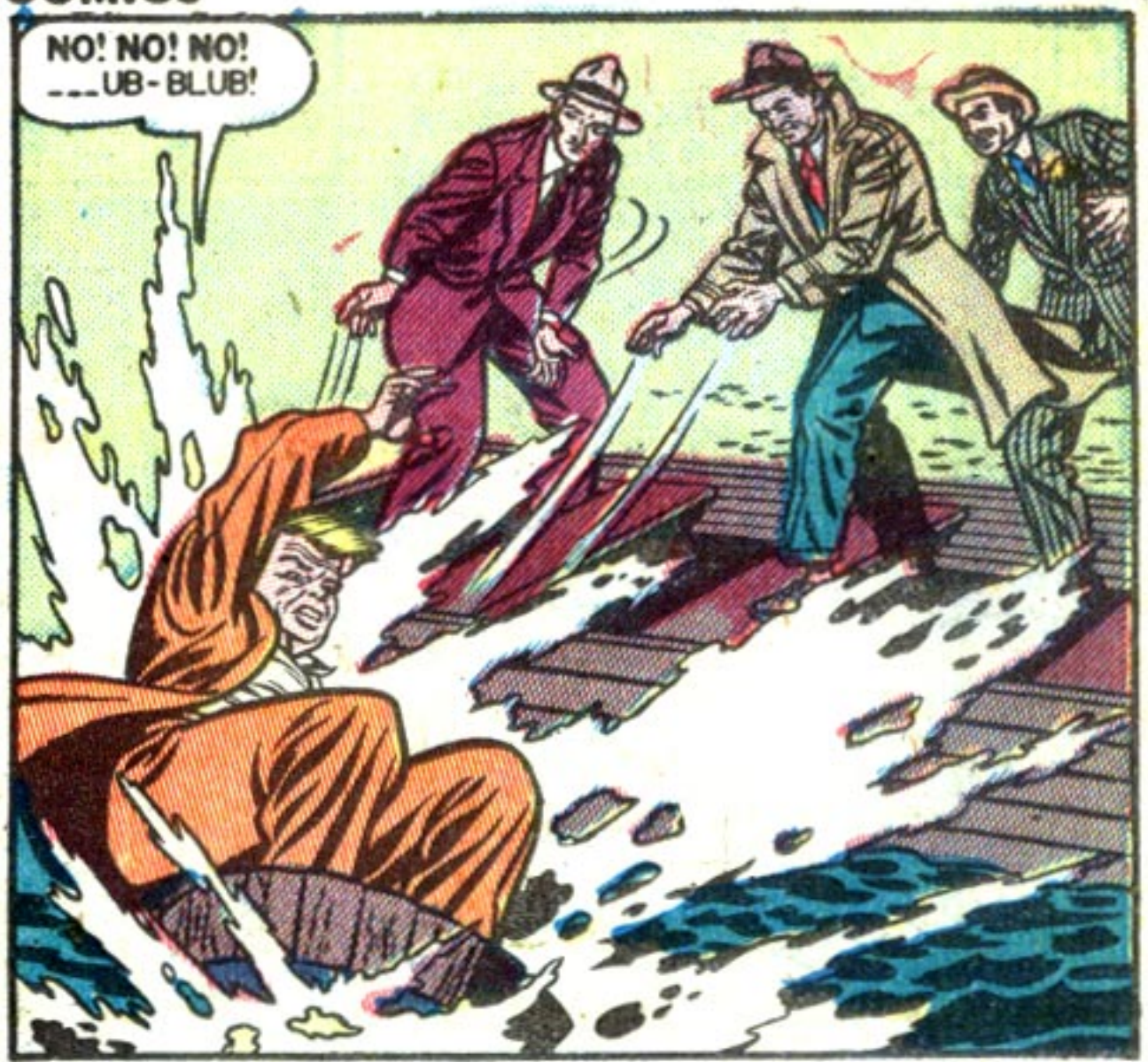
OKAY, LET'S GO! HE'S ALONE IN THERE NOW!

YEAH! IMAGINE THE DOPE THINKIN' WE DON'T KNOW HE RENTED THIS HIDEOUT APARTMENT UNDER A PONEHY NAME! HOW DUMB CAN YOU GET?

EEAHH! JACK! NOW W-WAIT, BOY!

I'M THROUGH WAITING... FOR YOU TO DROP DEAD! GET YOUR CLOTHES ON! YOU'RE COMING WITH US!





BUT THE WHISPERS WERE SPREADING THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD... AND THE EARS OF MARTY DENVER'S HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT ARE LARGE!



BUT THE WEEKS PASSED AND NOTHING DEVELOPED! JACK SENNIK TOOK OVER BIG ED'S TERRITORY AND GREW RICHER AND BOLDER!

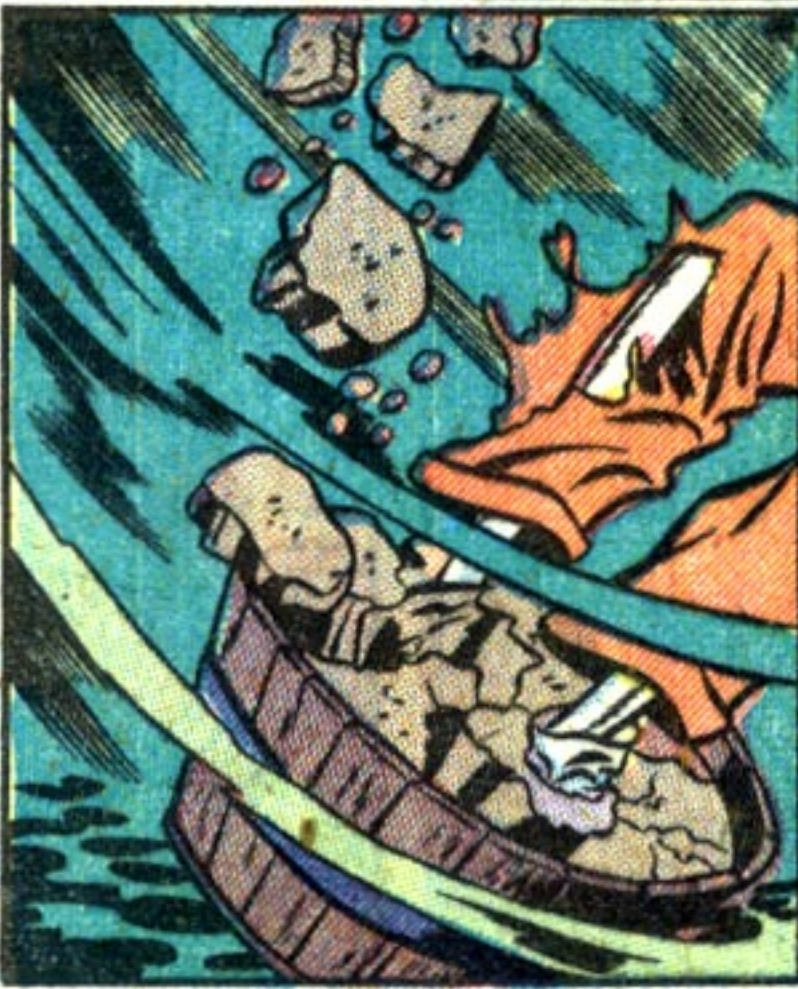


POLICE COMICS

THEN CAME ONE OF THOSE QUIRKS OF LUCK THAT SOMETIMES HELP THE POLICE! MILES UP THE RIVER, A PULP MILL BEGAN POURING ITS WASTE INTO THE RIVER!



THE ACIDS IN THE WASTE FLOATED DOWN AND BEGAN TO SOFTEN THE CEMENT IN THE WOODEN TUB! THE CEMENT ROTTED, CRUMBLLED---



BUT ALMOST A YEAR PASSED UNTIL A FISHERMAN, HAULING IN HIS ANCHOR ONE DAY---



TWO HOURS LATER THE CASE WAS RIGHT BACK IN THE LAP OF INSPECTOR DENVER!



WE CAN'T BE SURE, OF COURSE, MARTY, BUT THE BONE MEASUREMENTS CHECK WITH OUR FILE ON BIG ED! NO SIGNS OF VIOLENT DEATH!

THANKS, DOC! AND YOU SAY THERE WERE CHUNKS OF CEMENT STILL CLINGING TO HIS LEGS! I GUESS THAT GIVES ME THE PICTURE!



I DON'T GET THE PITCH, MARTY! MAYBE JACK DID GIVE BIG ED A CEMENT BATH THE NIGHT HE DISAPPEARED, BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE IT!

MAYBE NOT, BUT JACK SENNIK CAN! I'M GOING TO TAKE A LONG GAMBLE AND SEE IF HE WON'T PROVE IT FOR ME! LET'S GO!



YOU AGAIN! WHAT'S THE BEEF THIS TIME?

NO BEEF, JACK! I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D ENJOY TAKING A LITTLE RIDE WITH ME! I'VE GOT AN INTERESTING CASE TO SOLVE!

FOLKS ARE ALWAYS CURIOUS ABOUT HOW A HOMICIDE BUREAU OPERATES! I TAKING YOU ALONG JUST TO WATCH HOW WE WORK ON A LULU!

I DON'T GET IT, INSPECTOR, BUT I AIN'T INTERESTED! NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST KINDLY TAKE A BREEZE FOR YOURSELF---



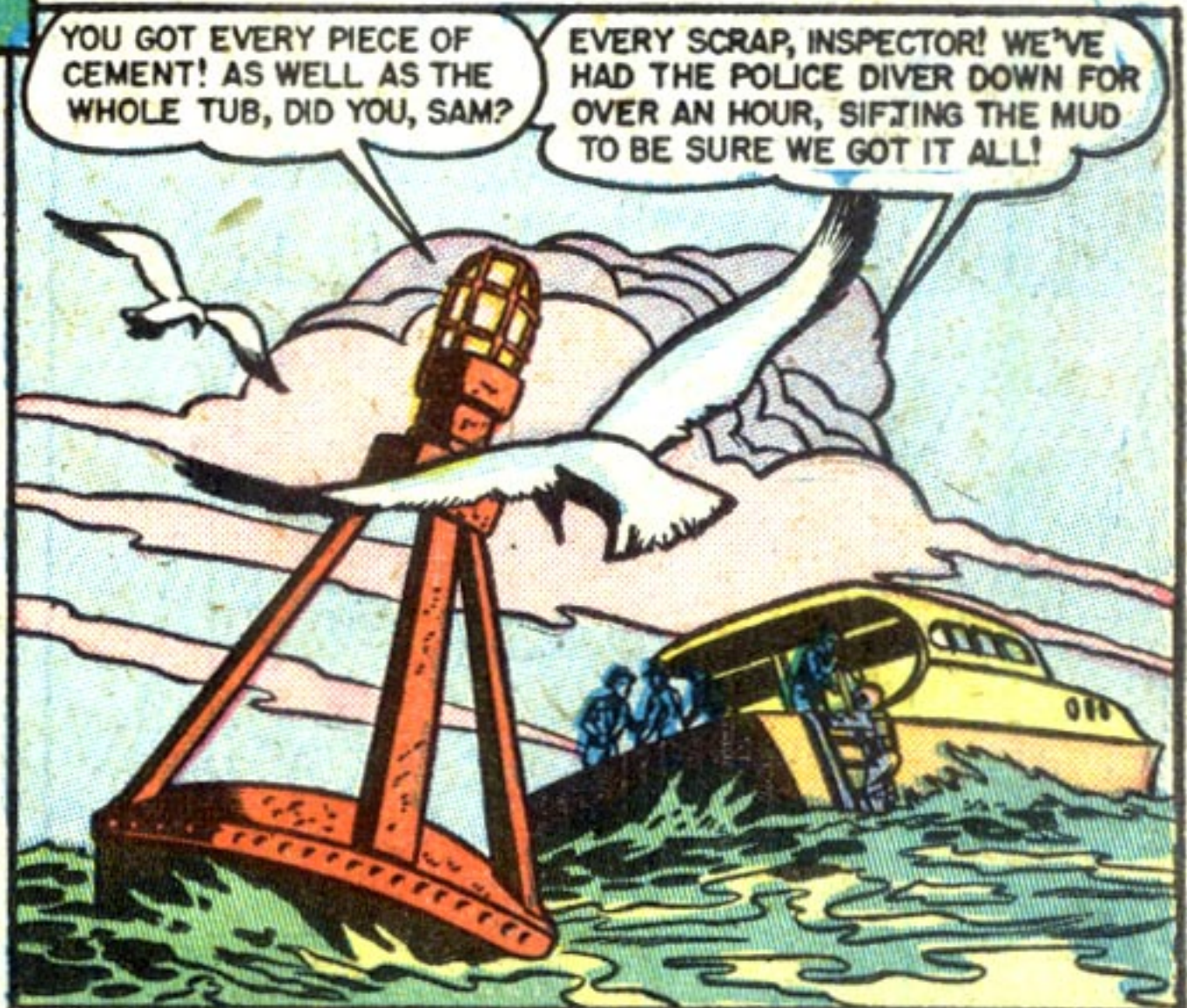
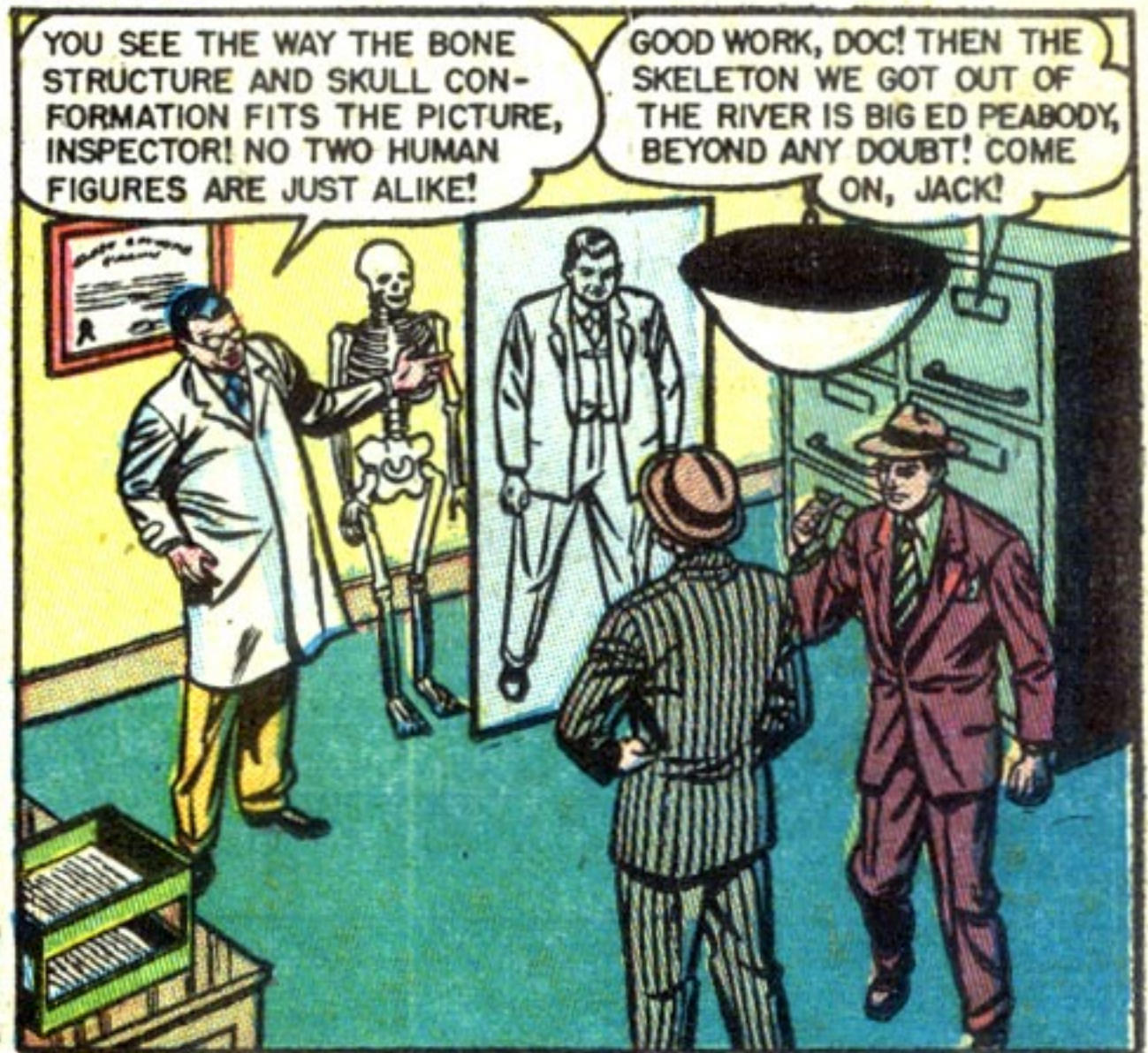
OH, DEAR! I GUESS JACK WANTS HIS INVITATION THE HARD WAY! HOLD MY COAT FOR ME, CASSIDY!

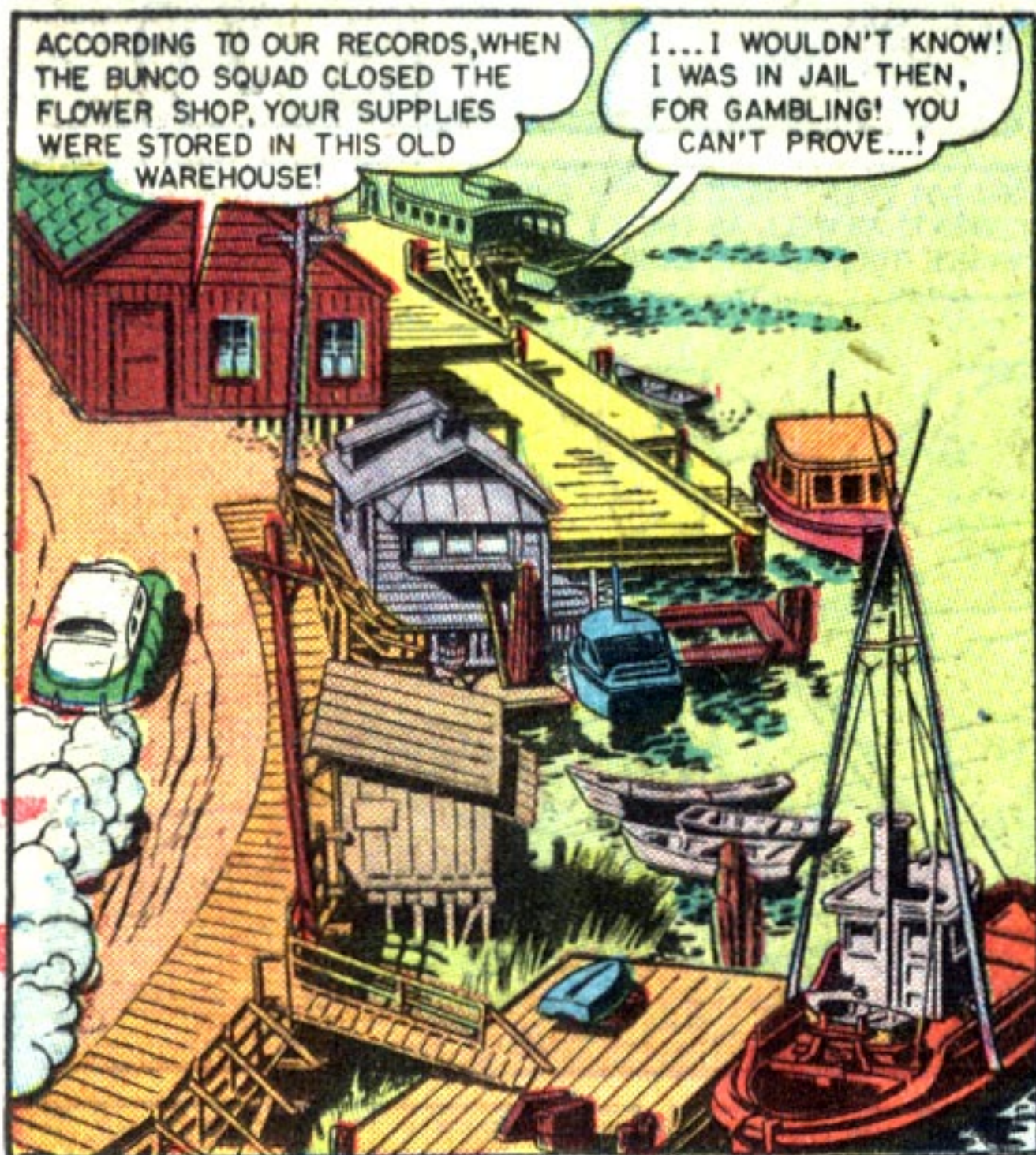
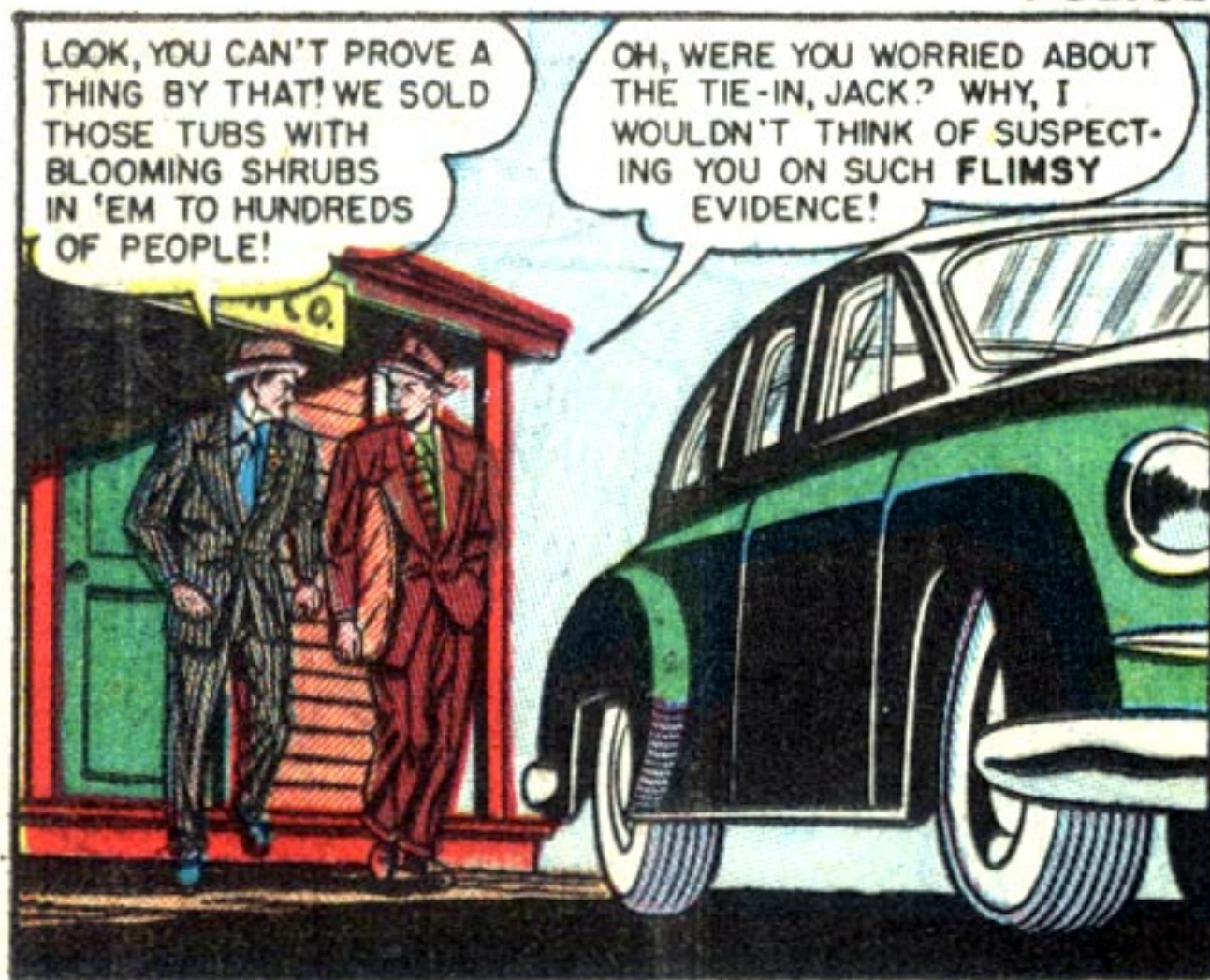
N-NOW, WAIT A MINUTE! IF THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, I'LL GO! YOU GOT NO CALL TO ROUGH ME AGAIN, COPPER!



POLICE COMICS

THEY RODE BACK TO THE HOMICIDE LABORATORY AT HEADQUARTERS...





POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



THAT WRAPS IT UP NEATLY! YOU'RE BLUF-
COME ON, STUPID! LET'S FING! YOU
GET THIS OVER WITH HAVEN'T GOT
SO YOU CAN START A THING ON ME!
YOUR CONFESSION! I WANT MY LAWYER!
WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING ME?



TO THE PRINT ROOM! CASSIDY,
IMAGINE A GUY SO DUMB HE
TESTS THE CEMENT FOR
HARDNESS BY PUSHING
IT WITH HIS BARE
HAND!

EEEAHH!



I'M GETTING OUTA
HERE! YOU'LL
NEVER BURN ME!

LAY OFF,
CASSIDY...!



THIS IS MY
PLEASURE!

NICE SHOT, MARTY! HE WON'T SIT DOWN
COMFORTABLE UNTIL HE'S READY TO
SIT IN THE
HOT SQUAT!



HEY, INSPECTOR, THEM TWO
GOONS WANT TO SEE YOU!
THEY'RE ITCHING TO SING
THE WHOLE SWEET SONG
FOR YOU!

TELL 'EM THEY'LL HAVE TO
WAIT IN LINE, MAC! SENNIK,
HERE, HAS FIRST CALL ON
THE POLICE STENOGRAPHER!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

A NEAT JOB, MARTY! BUT
IF YOU HAD THAT PALM
PRINT OF JACK'S ON THE
CEMENT, WHY GO THROUGH
ALL THAT BUILD UP
FIRST?

THERE WASN'T
ANY PALM
PRINT, CAS-
SIDY! THIS
WHOLE CASE
WAS CRACKED
WITH PURE
BLUFF!



BUT IT'S HUMAN NATURE
TO FEEL CEMENT WHEN
YOU'RE WAITING FOR IT
TO HARDEN...JUST
LIKE TESTING WET
PAINT! SO I WORKED
ON THEIR NERVES
AND SPRUNG A BLUFF!

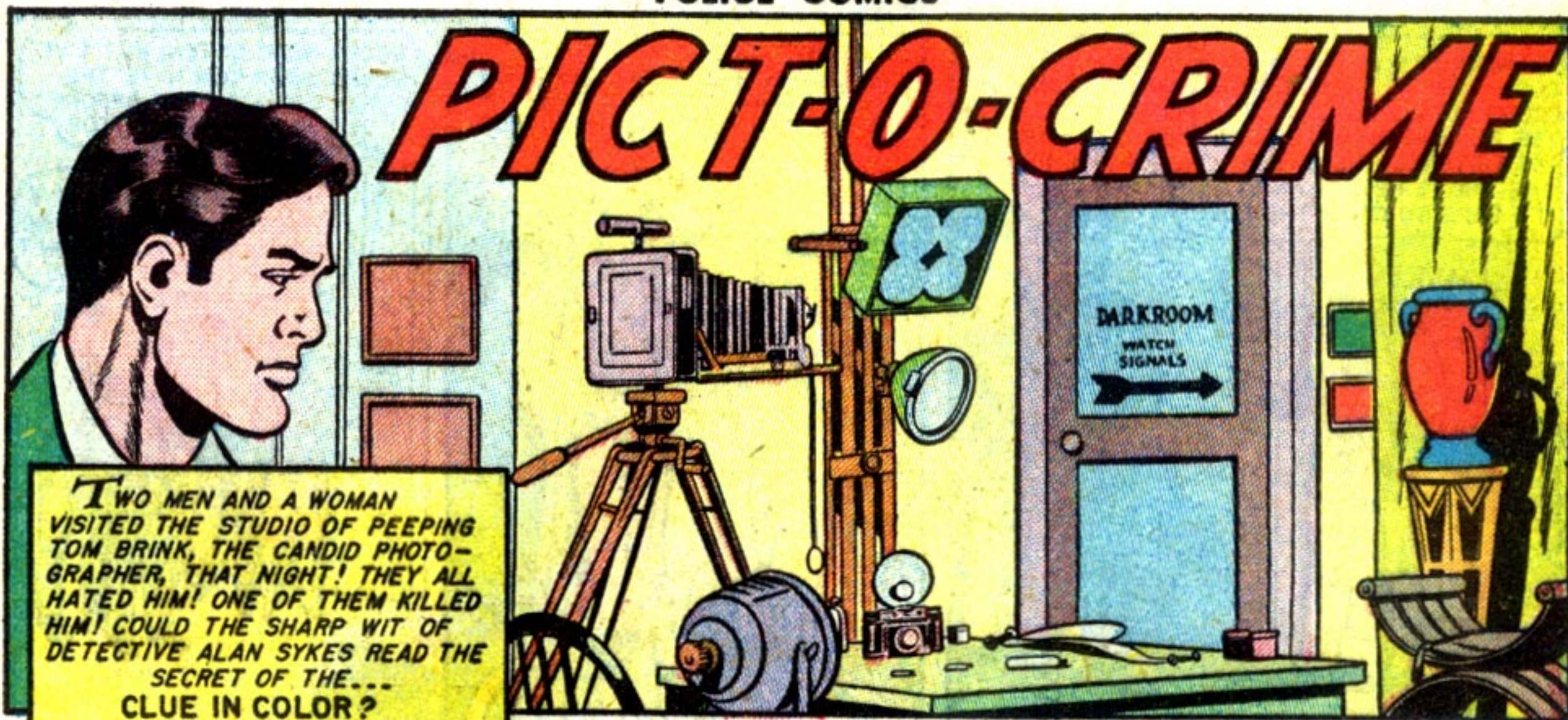
WELL, I'LL
BE A SON OF
A GUN...!



IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN
WEEKS TO CINCH THE
EVIDENCE! BUT A
GUILTY CONSCIENCE,
PROPERLY NEEDED,
IS A WONDERFUL
SHORTCUT!

I HAND IT TO
YOU, MARTY,
YOU REALLY
CRACKED THE
STRANGEST
MURDER CASE
ON THE BOOKS
TODAY!

PICT-O-CRIME



TWO MEN AND A WOMAN VISITED THE STUDIO OF PEEPING TOM BRINK, THE CANDID PHOTOGRAPHER, THAT NIGHT! THEY ALL HATED HIM! ONE OF THEM KILLED HIM! COULD THE SHARP WIT OF DETECTIVE ALAN SYKES READ THE SECRET OF THE... CLUE IN COLOR?

ON A MONDAY EVENING PEEPING TOM BRINK WAS IN HIS STUDIO DARKROOM...

HA! IT CAME OUT AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL! HE'LL PAY PLENTY TO KEEP THIS PICTURE OUT OF THE NEWSPAPERS!



I'LL HURRY RIGHT OVER AND SHOW HIM! I THINK I'LL ASK A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THIS NEGATIVE! HE'LL PAY IT!



YOU...? NO...!



WITHIN AN HOUR DETECTIVE SYKES WAS AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!

THANKS FOR COMING, SYKES! MEET MR. WALDRON, MR. PETERS, AND MRS. CARVER! WE THINK ONE OF THESE THREE KILLED BRINK!

HMM! SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT, LIEUTENANT!



THE NEWSBOY DOWNSTAIRS SAW ALL THREE COME UP HERE SEPARATELY TONIGHT! HE DIDN'T SEE ANY OF THEM LEAVE! THEY ALL HATED BRINK!

I SEE! I'LL QUESTION THEM AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!



SURE I CAME UP! I CAME TO SMASH HIS DIRTY FACE, BUT I DIDN'T KILL HIM! HE WAS OUT SO I WENT BACK HOME!

HOW DO YOU KNOW HE WASN'T IN HIS DARKROOM AT THE TIME? DIDN'T YOU WAIT TO SEE?



POLICE COMICS



DID YOU SPOT THE CLUE IN COLOR? LOOK AGAIN...THEN CHECK YOUR SOLUTION WITH THE ANSWER ON NEXT PAGE...

What A Confession

SHERIFF BEN HIGGINS' pale blue eyes glanced at the big electric clock that hung on the wall over his desk. The large second hand was ticking off valuable time. The big husky two hundred pounder who represented the law in Webster County had a sad look on his round smooth face. He wrinkled his brow and then spoke.

"It is now 2:30. In half an hour I will have to release Elsie Marton and Joe Harris. Judge Martin called me up on the phone just before you came into this office. Said that Harris' lawyer was demanding a Writ of Habeas Corpus for his two clients. And the Judge in no uncertain terms informed me he would have to grant the writ. So by about 3:00 those two killers are going to walk out of this place free. Yet we all know they killed Harris' wife."

The man to whom those words were addressed was tall brown haired Ted Horton, star reporter of the county's leading weekly paper, **THE HERALD NEWS**. People said that he had a nose for news and was always on the spot when something important happened. The young man merely shifted his right elbow from one side of the sheriff's desk to the other side.

"Guess you are right, sheriff," he admitted. "This bird, Joe Harris, and his housekeeper certainly planned the perfect murder. For months they must have been waiting for the opportune time to go through with their plans. And to think they had all the breaks with them. Not a slip-up any place. They say a criminal usually makes a false move somewhere that eventually betrays him. But not with these two. They had all the breaks playing right into their hands."

"They certainly had all the breaks," agreed the sheriff. "Two weeks before the crime takes place, Mrs. Harris gets the druggist in Ellentown to sell her the bottle of strychnine. And there were two people in the store to swear she asked for it. She said she wanted it to poison the rats on the farm. Claimed they were damaging the bags of cereal in the closet. The druggist did warn her to be careful. Told her it was dangerous to have that poison around

the place. Almost refused to sell it to her. And what answer does she give to Pete Bloom? 'The way you speak you would think I was going to take it myself.' Yes sir, those were her exact words."

The sheriff stroked his chin twice and moved his head a little to the side and then continued speaking.

"Last week when Mrs. Harris and her husband were at the Tavern on Route 22A, she created a terrible disturbance. About a dozen people are ready to testify as to what happened that evening. All of a sudden she rose from the table and threw all the dishes onto the floor. Then she begins to yell at the top of her lungs, 'I want to die! I want to die!' Her husband had to carry her out of the place. If the case ever went to a Grand Jury you couldn't get an indictment. Yet all they had to do was to feed Mrs. Harris the poison. And not a soul in the world could deny that she had taken it herself! I'll never forget how terrible she looked, stretched out on that bed in her room. Her jaws were tightly locked as though she were forcing herself not to scream in agony. And her half-open eyes had a look of stark terror in them."

"Surely you're not going to let them walk out of this prison without trying to do something?" demanded the young reporter. "It would be making a mockery out of justice to see those two walk down the streets of this town, knowing they had committed the perfect crime. It doesn't seem possible, there must be something we can do about the matter."

SOLUTION TO PICT-O-CRIME

Waldron was *color-blind*, as proven when he unwittingly drew a *green* slip when Detective Sykes called for *red* ones! He confessed that, just as Detective Sykes had deduced, he arrived early and found Brink in his darkroom! So he unscrewed the signal bulbs to make other visitors think Brink was out! When they had come and gone, he killed Brink and replaced the bulbs! But being color-blind, he put them in the wrong order . . . an accident that sent him to the electric chair!

The sheriff pointed to a stack of books that were piled up high on the side of the desk. Some were law books and others were studies by various leading criminologists.

"I've been going through all that stuff," admitted the sheriff, "trying to find out if there was some way in which I could trick them into admitting the crime. I've looked for similar cases in the past. And I have read all about what clever detectives have done to trap suspects. But to no avail. All these birds have to do is just shut up and they go free."

"Then that means you admit you are beaten," deduced Ted Horton. "And I have to write my story and tell the public that you had to let two guilty people walk out of here free." The reporter stopped for a minute. "I better correct myself. If I call them guilty in the paper, they will sue me for libel. There must be something you can do."

The sheriff's eyes seemed to light up a bit. "Follow me, Ted, and keep your mouth closed, no matter what happens. I am going to try a million to one shot. Call it a brain storm, but if it works, I'll prove those two are killers by making them admit it themselves."

Sheriff Higgins and Ted walked out of the office and turned right to go down a corridor. A guard stopped the two of them. "Time right now, to put the idea into operation?" he asked. The sheriff nodded his head in the affirmative and then replied:

"As soon as we enter Mrs. Marton's cell you do your part. And let's hope nothing goes wrong."

The reporter in Ted was bursting with curiosity but he managed to keep his lips shut, even though it took an extra measure of will power to accomplish it. They continued walking until they stopped in front of a cell. The sheriff opened the door with a key he produced from his pocket. A woman in her late thirties, or early forties, with deep sunk brown eyes and red dyed hair, was sitting on a cot in the cell.

"Hello Elsie," greeted the sheriff. "Going to tell how you and Joe killed his missus? Was it the insurance money that tempted you? Or was she just in the way? Confession is good for the soul. Want to write it out now?"

The woman sneered and stared at the two men before replying.

"The name is Mrs. Marton to you. Got nothing to confess 'cause I haven't done anything. Seems to me a sheriff has more important things to do than worrying about nothing important at all."

"Funny thing that Joe doesn't seem to feel the same way as you do. Just now he's in the visitors' room, writing off his fool head. He's got a lot he wants to put down in writing," snapped back the sheriff.

"You liar, you liar," shouted the woman. "Trying to fool me."

"Follow me and watch for yourself, Elsie," challenged the sheriff.

For a moment the woman was bewildered and she had to make a decision in a hurry. She arose from the cot and followed the two men to a glass paneled door. Sure enough, there at the desk, with a deputy at his side, was Joe Harris writing. The expression on the woman's face changed to rage.

"So the skunk thought he could save his dirty hide and let me burn for the crime," she murmured. "Come on sheriff, let me write. I got a lot on my mind that better be told. Enough to convict Joe for murder in the first degree. He's the guilty one and now he's trying to rat on me. Watching him write with that look of satisfaction on his face digs right into my heart. I'll beat him at his own game."

Two weeks later, Ted Horton was seated in the sheriff's office. He was tapping the top of the desk lightly with his fingertips.

"Makes me nervous, stop it, will you, Ted," ordered the sheriff.

"Sure," was the reply, "but first you tell me how you got Joe to write out his confession. What did you use? Hypnosis?"

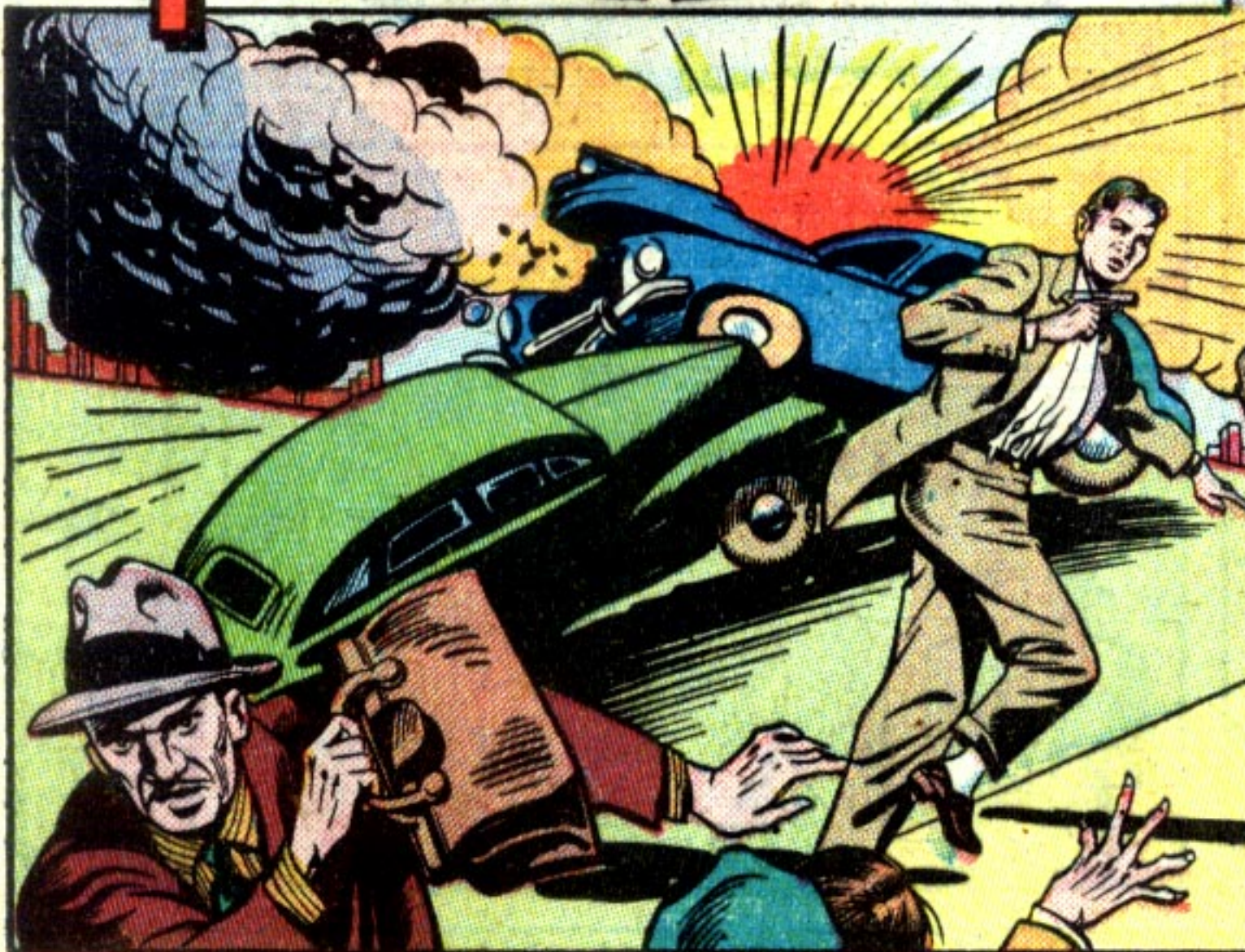
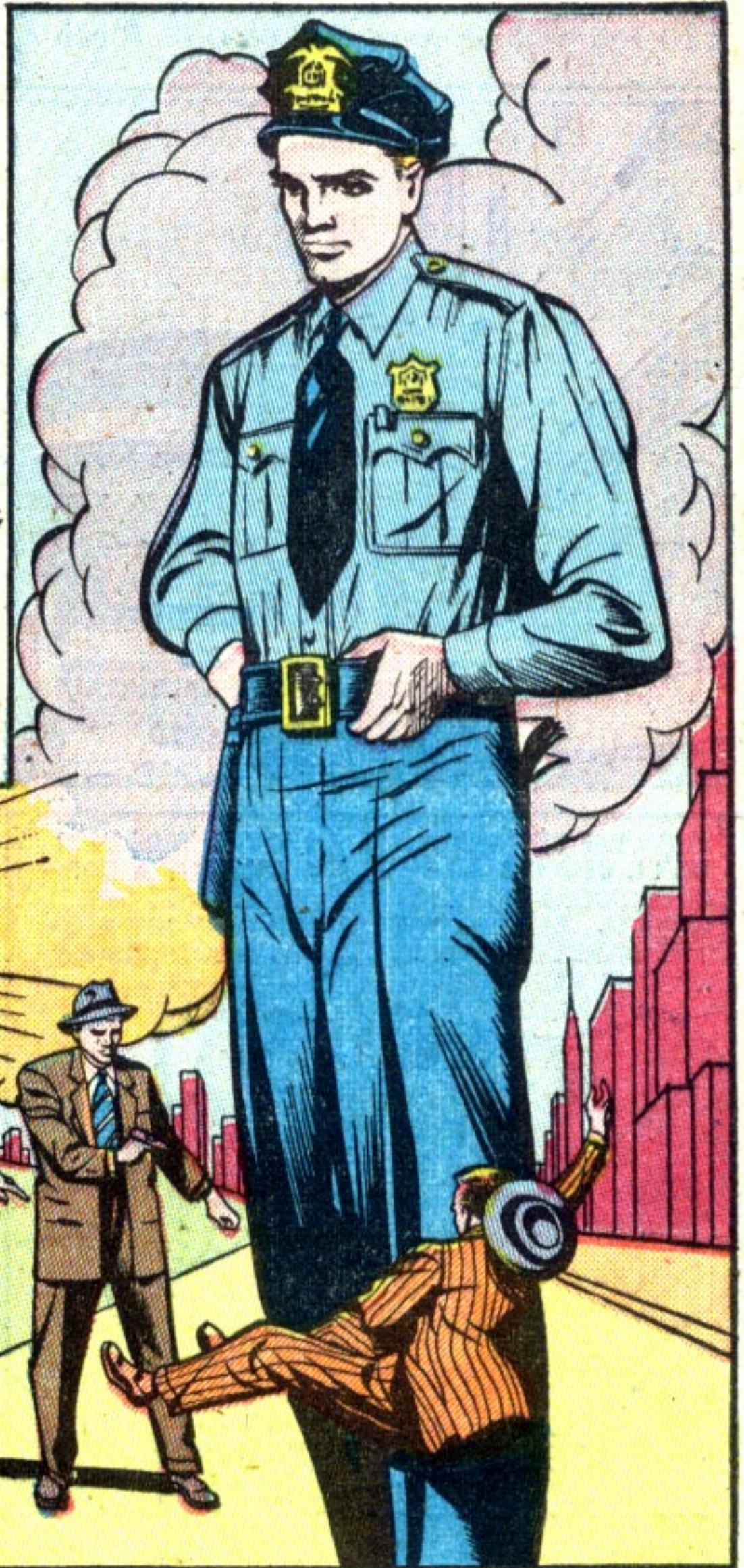
The sheriff laughed. "You can have your scoop. It wasn't a confession he was writing. He complained about the food and the service he was getting in this jail. I said if he didn't like it, he could write a letter of complaint on my official stationery to the Governor. And then the idea dawned upon me. If I could get Elsie to watch him as he wrote, she would misunderstand and think he was selling her down the river. As we went into her cell, my deputy took Joe Harris into the visitors' room. The timing was perfect."

In admiration, the reporter looked at the sheriff and then expressed himself.

"What a Confession!"

WHAT IS A GOOD COP? IS HE A GRIM, IMPLACABLE ROBOT OF JUSTICE, WITHOUT FEELINGS OR EMOTIONS? OR IS HE JUST A COMMON MAN, DOING HIS DUTY, KNOWING THE SAME FEELINGS OF WORRY, DOUBT, REGRET AS THE REST OF US? READ THE STORY OF PATROLMAN 2ND CLASS, NICHOLAS SERSON, AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF WHAT GOES ON IN ---

"The HEART of a HERO"



ON THE AFTERNOON OF AUGUST 9th, 1949, TWO HOLDUP MEN ENTERED THE LARONE JEWELRY STORE!

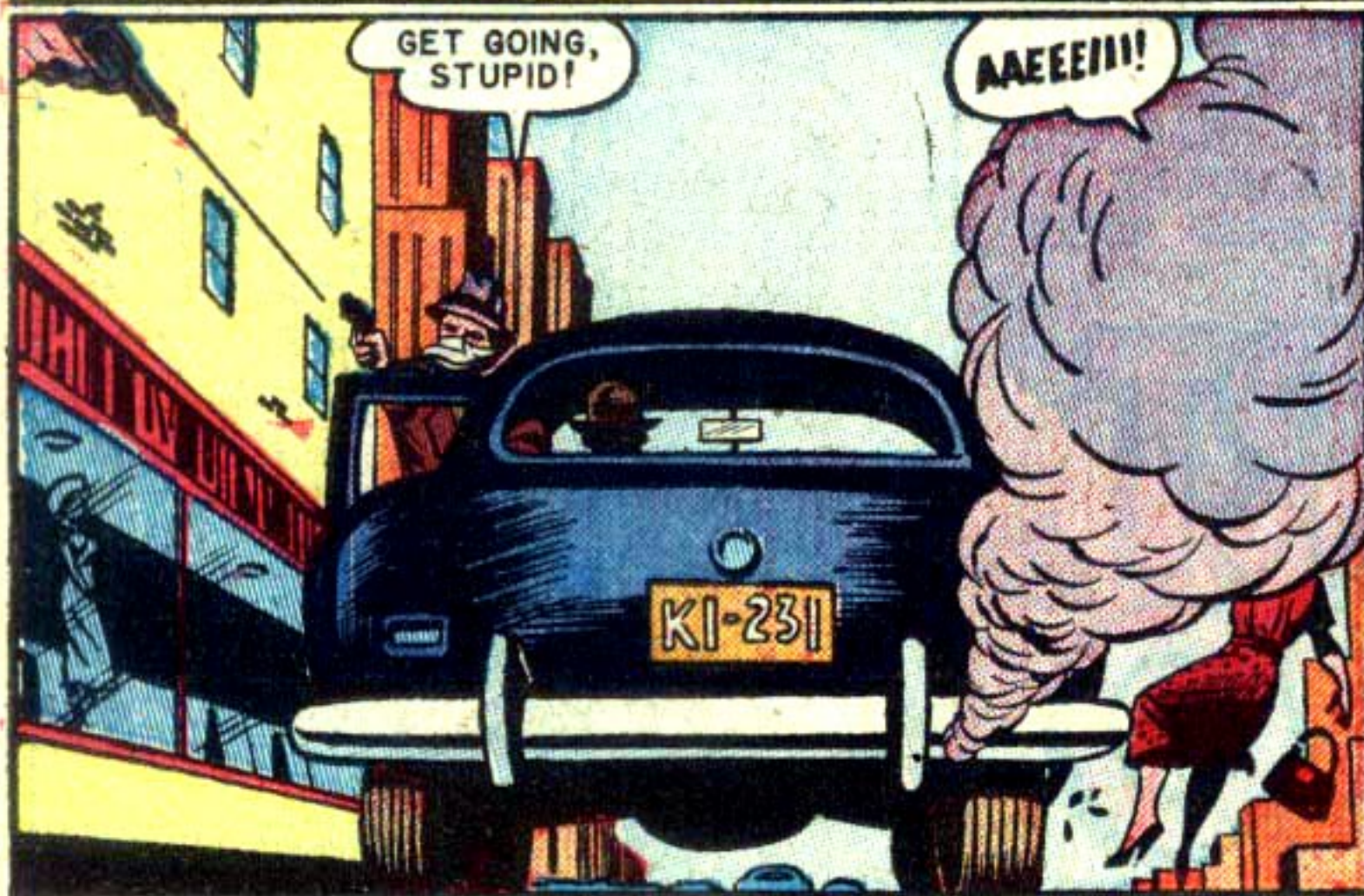


THE CLERK MADE THE FATAL MISTAKE OF TRIPPING THE ALARM SWITCH!



POLICE COMICS

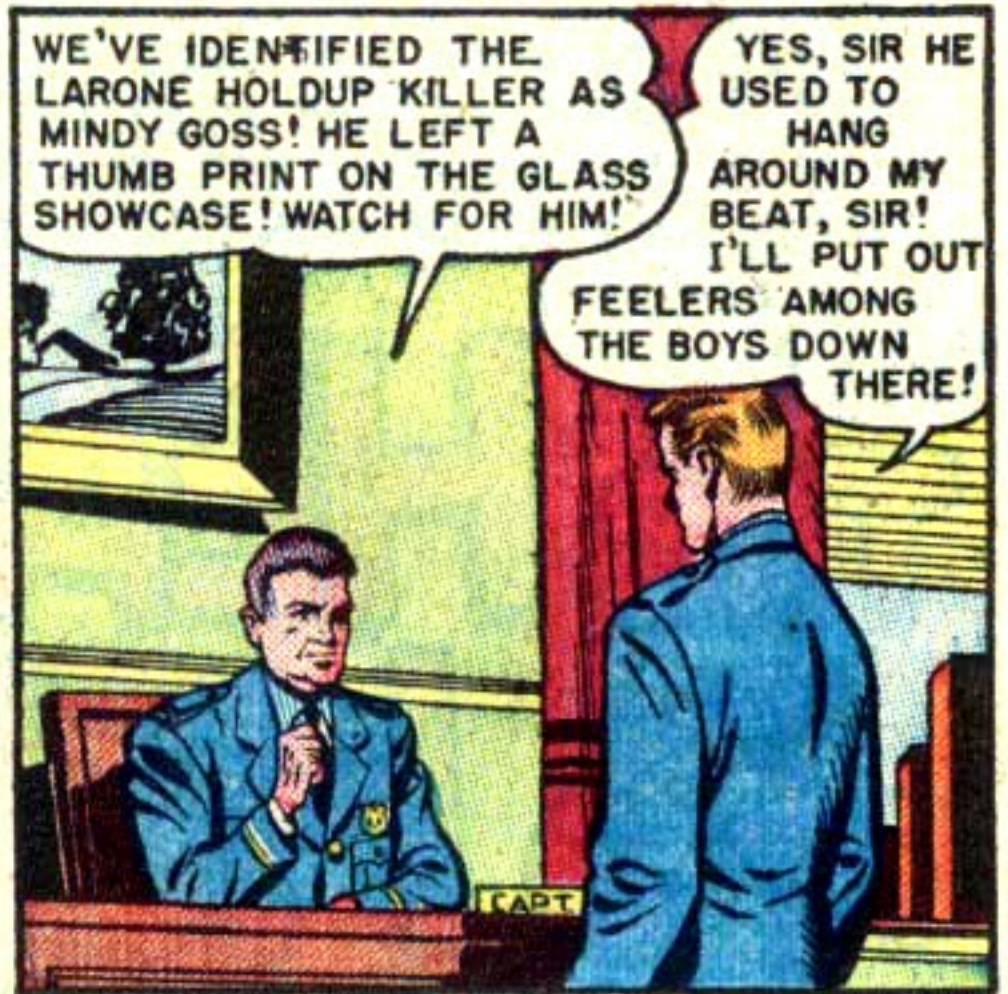
IN THE WILD GETAWAY, THE BANDITS ADDED A SECOND VICTIM TO THEIR DEATH LIST!



GET GOING, STUPID!

AAEEIII!

WITHIN AN HOUR THE MACHINERY OF THE LAW HAD PRODUCED THE FIRST RESULTS! PATROLMAN NICK SERSON WAS CALLED IN!



WE'VE IDENTIFIED THE LARONE HOLDUP KILLER AS MINDY GOSS! HE LEFT A THUMB PRINT ON THE GLASS SHOWCASE! WATCH FOR HIM!

YES, SIR HE USED TO HANG AROUND MY BEAT, SIR! I'LL PUT OUT FEELERS AMONG THE BOYS DOWN THERE!



WHEN WE GET MINDY, WE'LL GET HIS ACCOMPLICE! BUT BE CAREFUL, SERSON, WITH TWO MURDERS ON HIM, NOW, HE HAS NOTHING TO LOSE!

I KNOW, SIR! HE'S A RAT, BUT A CORNERED ONE, NOW! I'LL REPORT ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS!

NICK SERSON'S BEAT WAS BARON STREET, A REGION OF CHEAP DIVES, CHEAP STORES, CHEAP HOODLUMS AND CHEAP HONOR!



GIMME A BREAK, COPPER, AND I'LL TELL YOU! MINDY'S HIDIN' OUT AT 312 LOCUST, ROOM 9! HE'S THERE NOW!

OKAY, SHIFTY! IF YOU'RE PLAYING SQUARE, I WON'T FORGET IT!

NICK WASTED NO TIME!

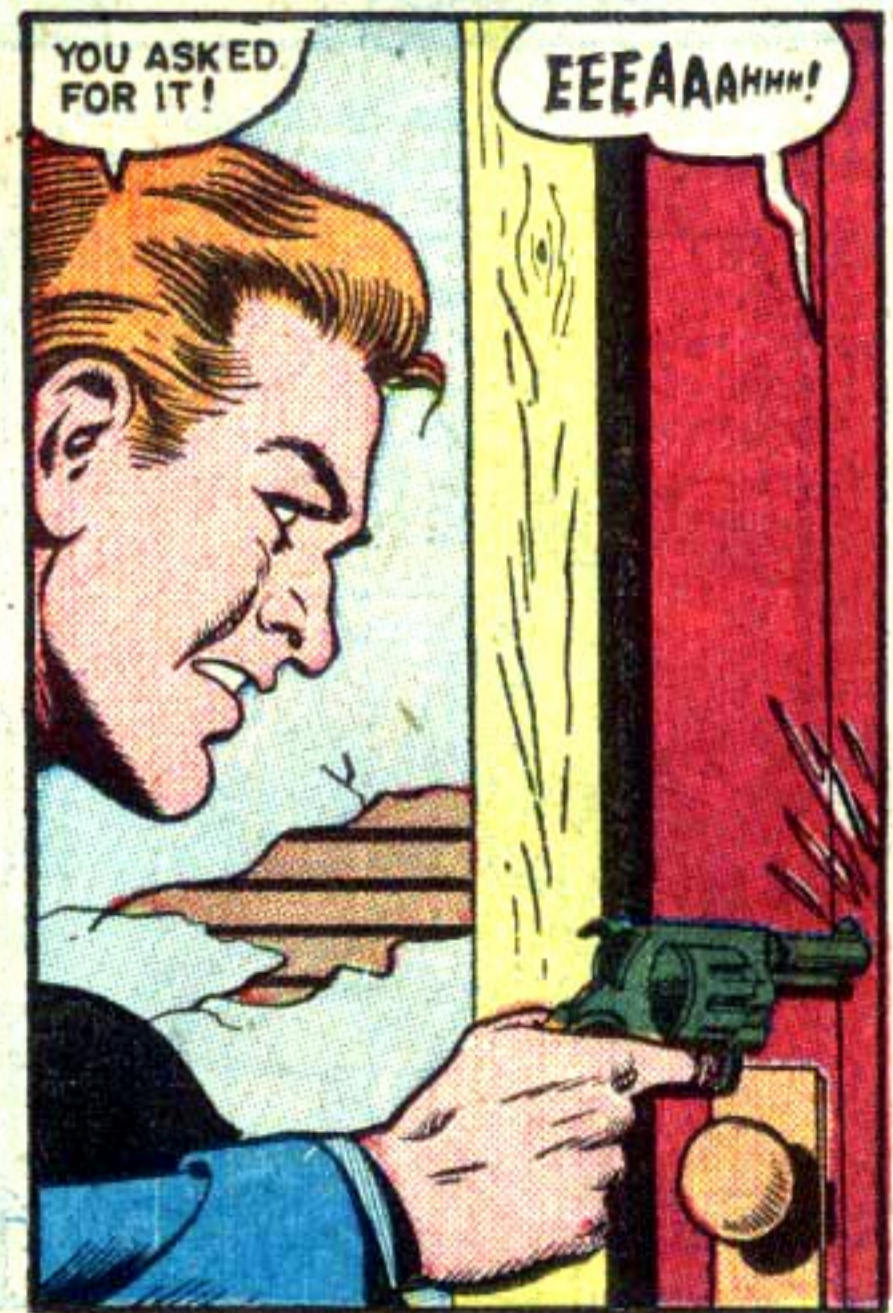


THIS IS THE LAW, MINDY! OPEN UP AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS EMPTY!



COME AND GET ME, FLATFOOT!

OOO---



YOU ASKED FOR IT!

EEEAHHH!

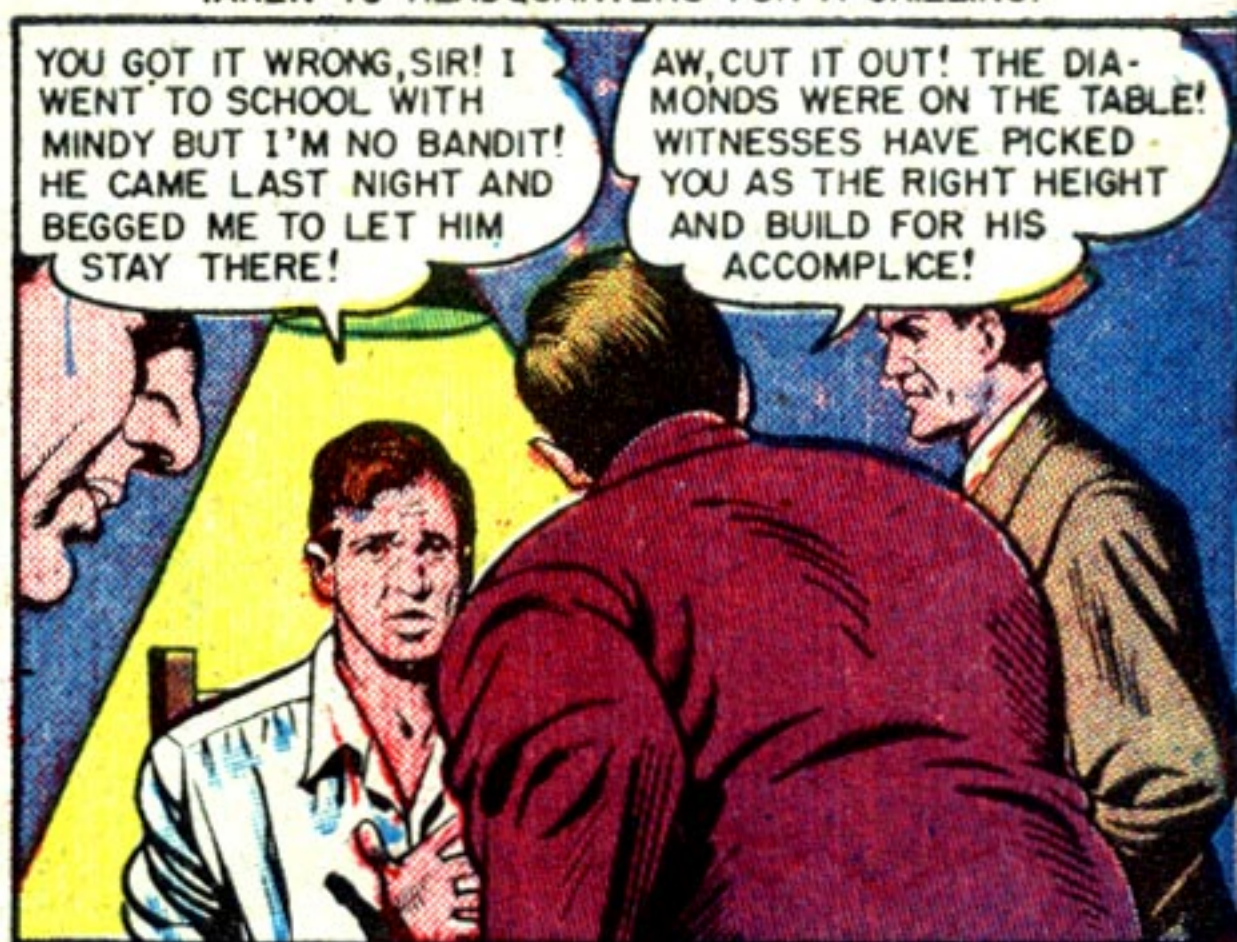
POLICE COMICS



HE'S DONE FOR!
STAND STILL,
YOUNG FELLOW!

P-PLEASE DON'T SHOOT,
OFFICER! I'M NOT MIXED
UP IN THIS AT ALL! I
H-HAVEN'T ANY GUN!

STILL PROTESTING HIS INNOCENCE, YOUNG VERNE KING, WAS
TAKEN TO HEADQUARTERS FOR A GRILLING!



YOU GOT IT WRONG, SIR! I
WENT TO SCHOOL WITH
MINDY BUT I'M NO BANDIT!
HE CAME LAST NIGHT AND
BEGGED ME TO LET HIM
STAY THERE!

AW, CUT IT OUT! THE DIA-
MONDS WERE ON THE TABLE!
WITNESSES HAVE PICKED
YOU AS THE RIGHT HEIGHT
AND BUILD FOR HIS
ACCOMPLICE!



NO! LOOK, THIS MORNING HE TOLD ME
WHAT HE'D DONE AND I SAID HE
HAD TO GET OUT! WE WERE ARGU-
ING WHEN THE OFFICER CAME!
I SWEAR...

IT'S A PRETTY CLEAR
CASE! BOOK HIM FOR TRIAL
FOR ARMED ROBBERY AND
MURDER! AS THE DRIVER,
WE CAN PIN THAT HIT-
RUN ON HIM!



EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN, BUT... BUT I
CAN'T HELP BELIEVING THAT BOY!
I THINK HE'S INNOCENT, SIR! IT
COULD BE THE WAY HE SAYS!

THE JURY'LL DECIDE THAT,
SERSON! YOU DID A FINE JOB!
NOW TAKE A WEEK'S SICK
LEAVE AND LET THAT ARM
HEAL!

NICK TOOK HIS LEAVE... BUT HE SPENT IT TRY-
ING TO CHECK VERNE KING'S STORY!



DON'T GIVE ME THAT, SHARPY!
I HAPPEN TO KNOW VERNE
KING HAS KEPT HIS NOSE
CLEAN AND STAYED OUT
OF TROUBLE!

AW, YOU'RE
SOFT IN THE
HEAD, COPPER!
HIM AND MINDY WAS
ALLUS PALS, SEE!

HE WENT TO VERNE'S GIRL, DORIS LUKE...



PLEASE HELP HIM, OFFICER! VERNE IS
INNOCENT, I SWEAR! W-WE WERE GOING
TO BE MARRIED IN THE SPRING! HE
WAS SAVING MONEY!

I'LL DO ALL I CAN,
MISS LUKE! SOMEHOW I BELIEVE
WHAT HE SAYS! BUT CIRCUM-
STANTIAL EVIDENCE IS STRONG
AGAINST HIM! I'LL TRY!

NICK TRIED, BUT AS THE WEEKS PASSED
HE ONLY HURT HIMSELF!



BUT WE NEVER
RECOVERED HALF
THE DIAMONDS,
SIR, OR THE GUN
THAT OTHER
BANDIT HAD...

BLAST IT, SERSON,
I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
IF YOU BOTHER ME
ONCE MORE ABOUT
THAT BABY-FACED
KILLER, I'LL PUT
YOU ON SUSPEN-
SION! NOW GET
OUT!



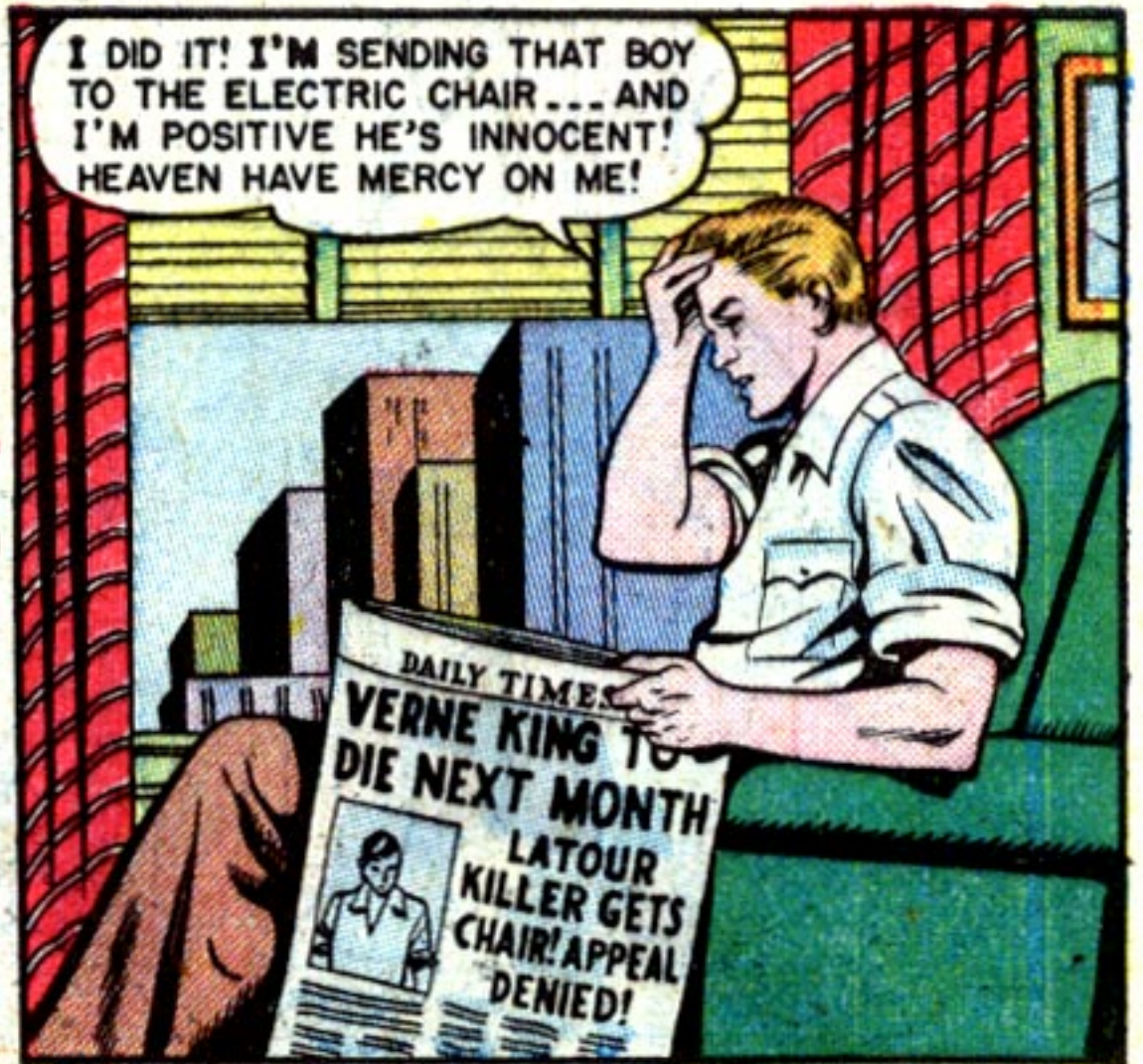
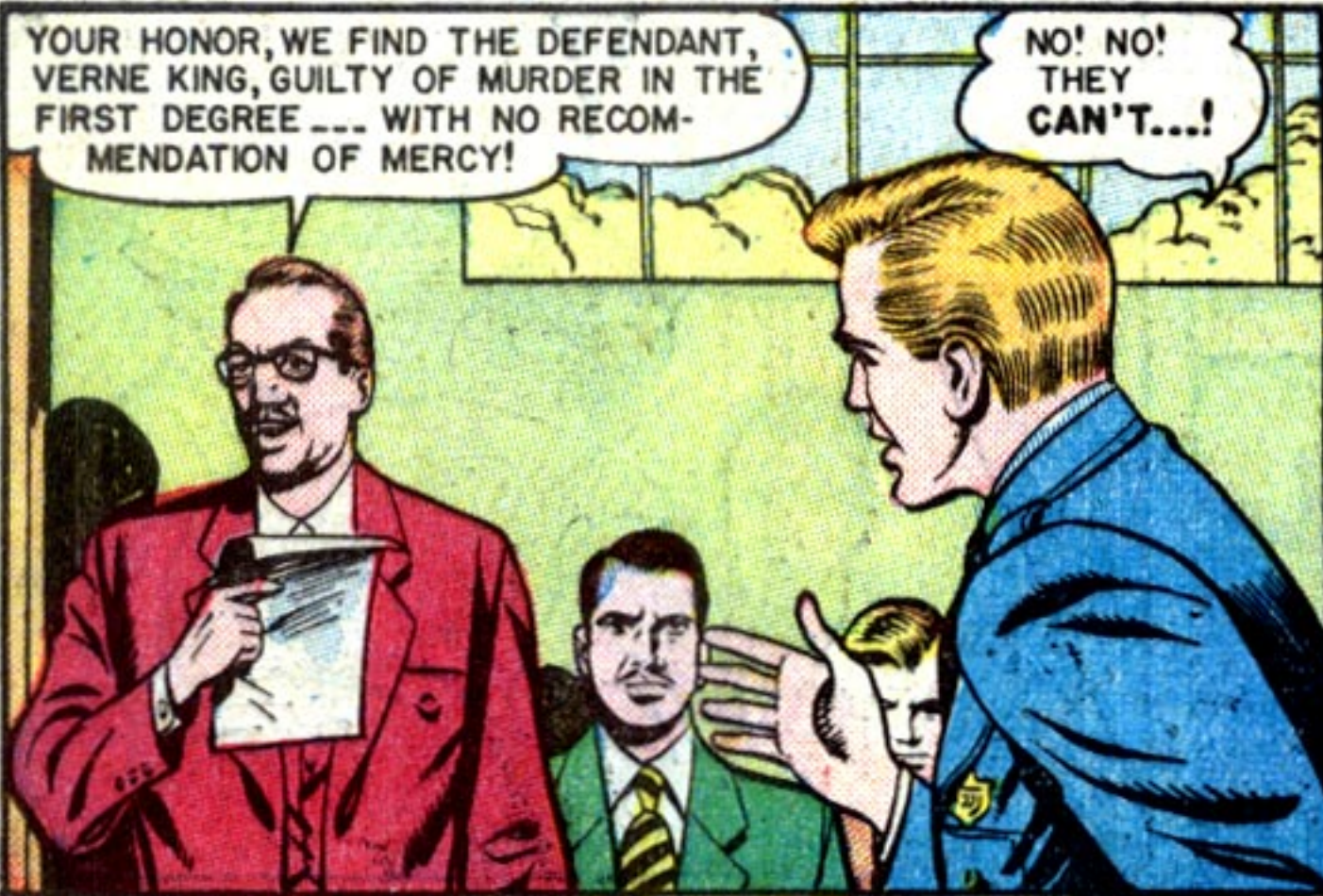
I'M SORRY, OFFICER, BUT
I HAVE ORDERS NOT TO
LET YOU IN AGAIN! IF
YOU BOTHER THE D.A.
ANYMORE, HE'LL HAVE
TO REPORT YOU!

ALL RIGHT,
MISS! I'M
SORRY!

DISTRICT
ATTORNEY

POLICE COMICS

WITH NO ALIBI FOR THAT FATAL AFTERNOON, VERNE KING'S TRIAL COULD HAVE BUT ONE OUTCOME!



NICK SLEPT LITTLE THAT LAST MONTH! THEN, THE NIGHT OF VERNE KING'S EXECUTION, HE SURPRISED A TAVERN HOLDUP MAN!



NICK WAS ACTING FROM DESPERATION, AND FROM THE BITTER MEMORY OF THE RUN-AROUNDS HE HAD ENCOUNTERED SO OFTEN!



POLICE COMICS



---SO YOU'VE GOT TO
ISSUE A STAY OF EX-
ECUTION, YOUR EXCEL-
LENCY! GIVE ME A FEW
DAYS TO IDENTIFY THIS
PETE SOMEBODY---

NICHOLAS
SERSON, YOU
SAY? MMM, I'VE
HEARD ABOUT
YOU! YOU'RE
THE OFFICER
WHO'S TRIED
SO OFTEN TO
SAVE VERNE
KING, AREN'T
YOU?



I'M SORRY, SERSON, BUT I CAN'T
TAKE YOUR UNSUPPORTED WORD FOR
THIS VAGUE CONFESSION! UNLESS
YOU PRESENT CONCRETE EVIDENCE
---VERNE KING DIES ON SCHEDULE,
AT ONE A.M.!



ONE O'CLOCK---THAT'S ONLY FOUR
HOURS FROM NOW! I'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING---SOMETHING---! AND
THERE ARE A HUNDRED MUGS
NAMED PETE---

AND THEN A WILD, DESPERATE
IDEA CAME TO NICK SERSON---AN
IDEA THAT WOULD EITHER SAVE
VERNE KING OR DESTROY NICK HIM-
SELF!



HAVE YOU GOT
A CAR AROUND
HERE?

S-SURE, OFFICER!
OUT IN FRONT---
B-BUT I DON'T
WANT NO PART IN
ANY OF THIS! I---



SHUT UP! I'M
DESPERATE!
YOU'RE WALKING
OUT WITH ME---
AND HIM---AND
DRIVING WHERE
I TELL YOU!

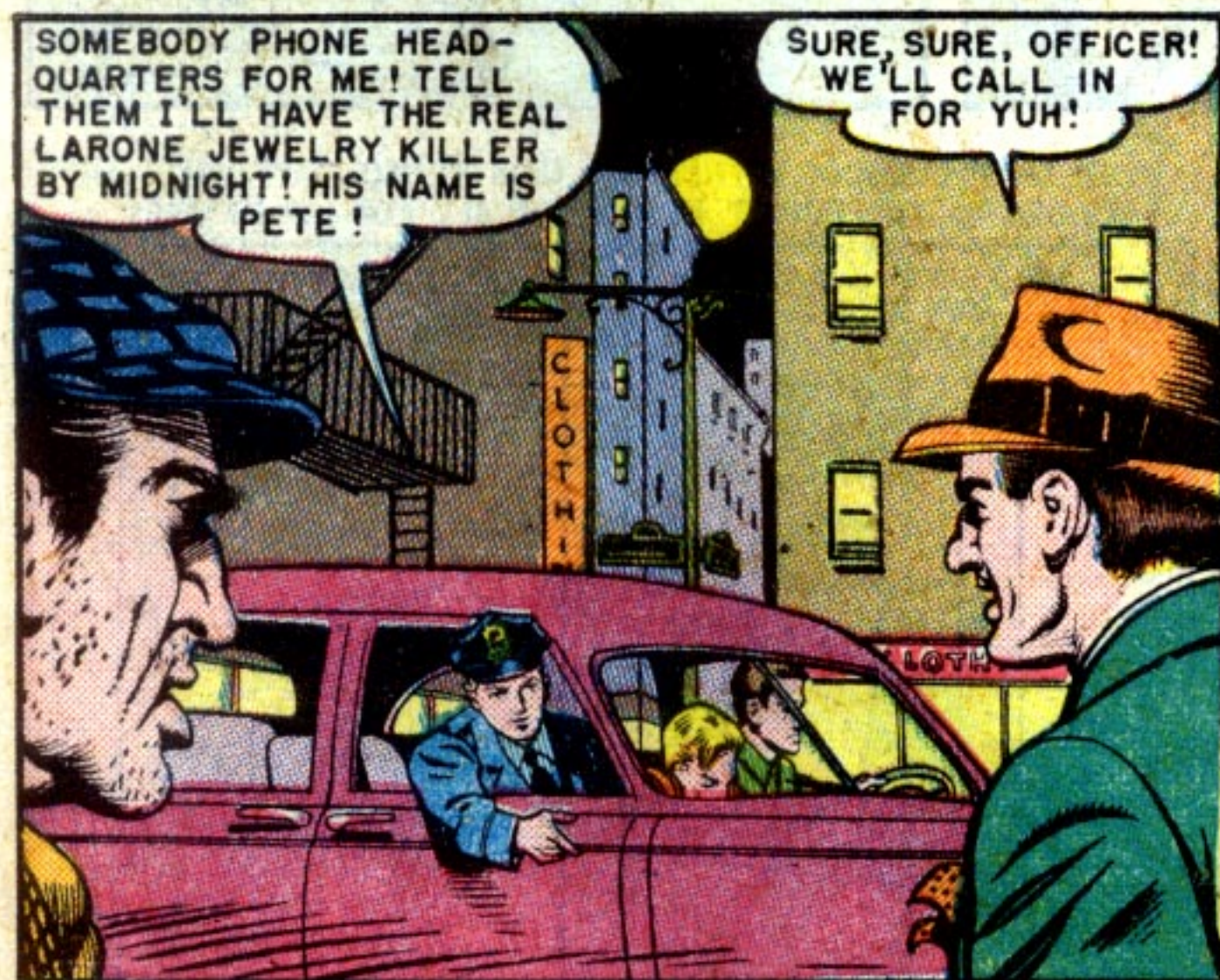
AND IF YOU
OPEN YOUR
MOUTH TO LET
ANYONE KNOW
HE'S DEAD---
I'LL SHOOT YOU!
IS THAT CLEAR?

A MOMENT LATER NICK AND THE FRIGHT-
ENED BARTENDER WERE LUGGING THE DEAD
HOODLUM OUT BETWEEN THEM, OUT INTO
THE CURIOUS CROWD!



STAND BACK! I'M RUSHING
THIS MAN TO DR. SILL'S
OUT ON PARNUS ROAD! HE'S
GOING TO REVEAL MINDY
GOFF'S COMPANION WHEN
HE COMES TO!

AWRRRK!
THEN VERNE
KING WON'T
BURN TO-
NIGHT, AFTER
ALL!



SOMEBODY PHONE HEAD-
QUARTERS FOR ME! TELL
THEM I'LL HAVE THE REAL
LARONE JEWELRY KILLER
BY MIDNIGHT! HIS NAME IS
PETE!

SURE, SURE, OFFICER!
WE'LL CALL IN
FOR YUH!

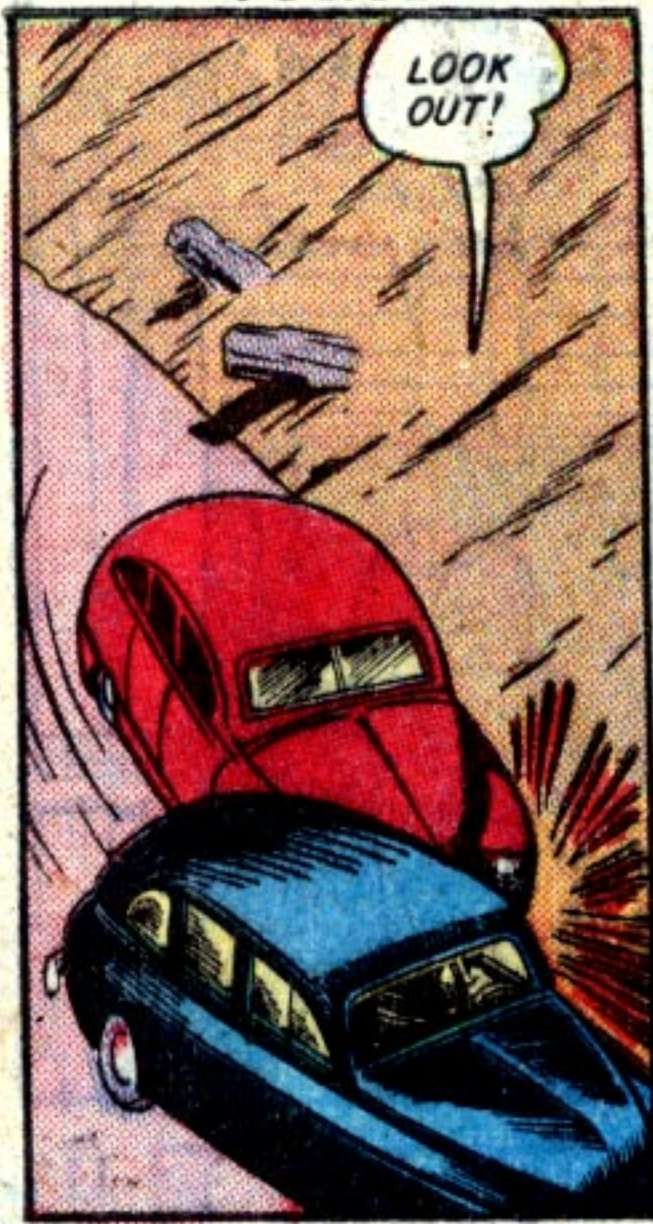


LOOK, COPPER, I DON'T
GET THIS! BUT I PROMISE
YOU, I'M GONNA PREFER
CHARGES AGAINST YOU!

GO AHEAD, FRIEND! IF
THIS DOESN'T WORK
OUT, I'M FINISHED ANY-
HOW! TURN WEST AT
THAT CORNER AHEAD!

POLICE COMICS

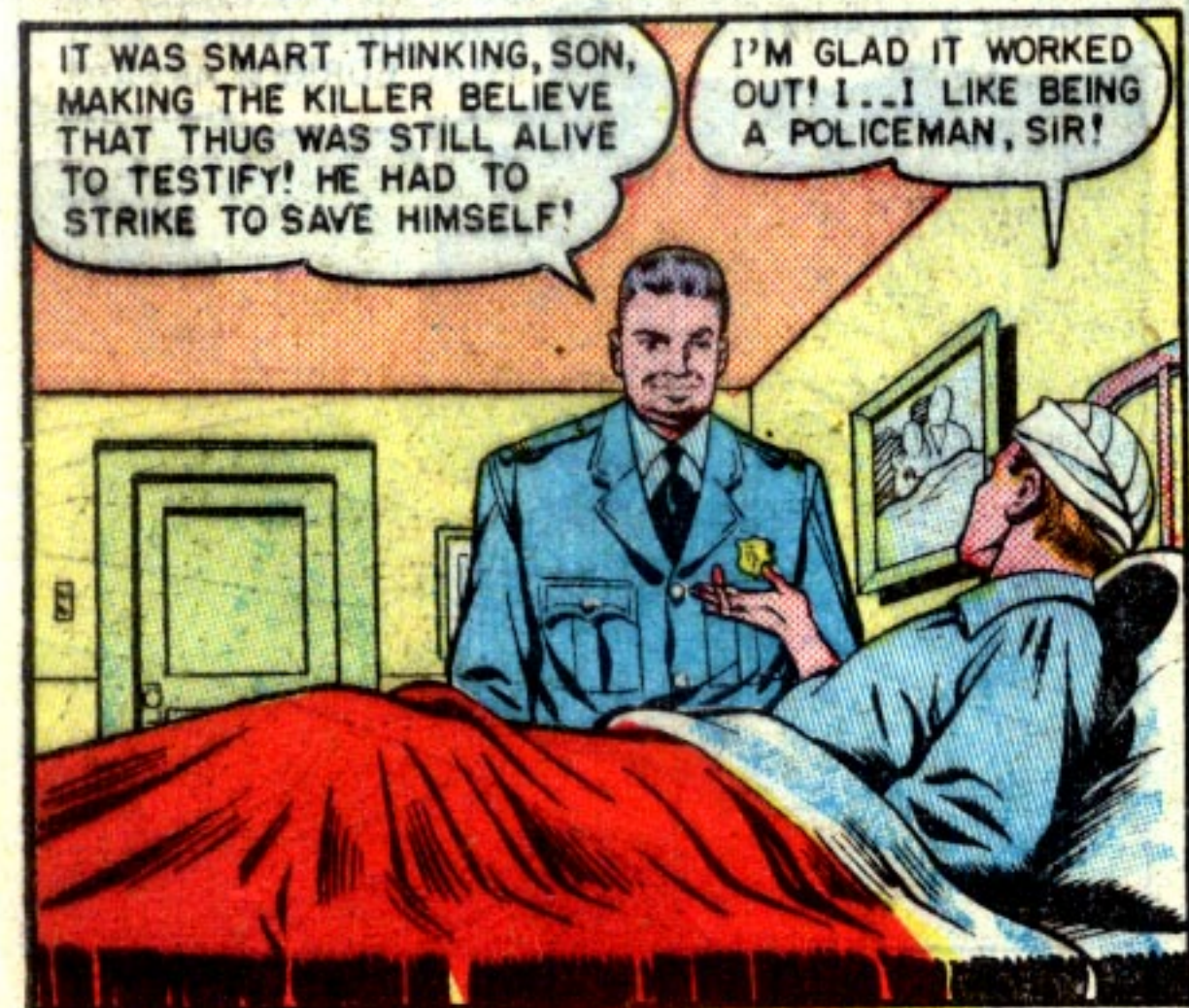
AND THEN NICK SERSON'S BLOOD FROZE AT THE ROAR OF ANOTHER CAR BEHIND THEM! MAYBE THIS WAS IT...



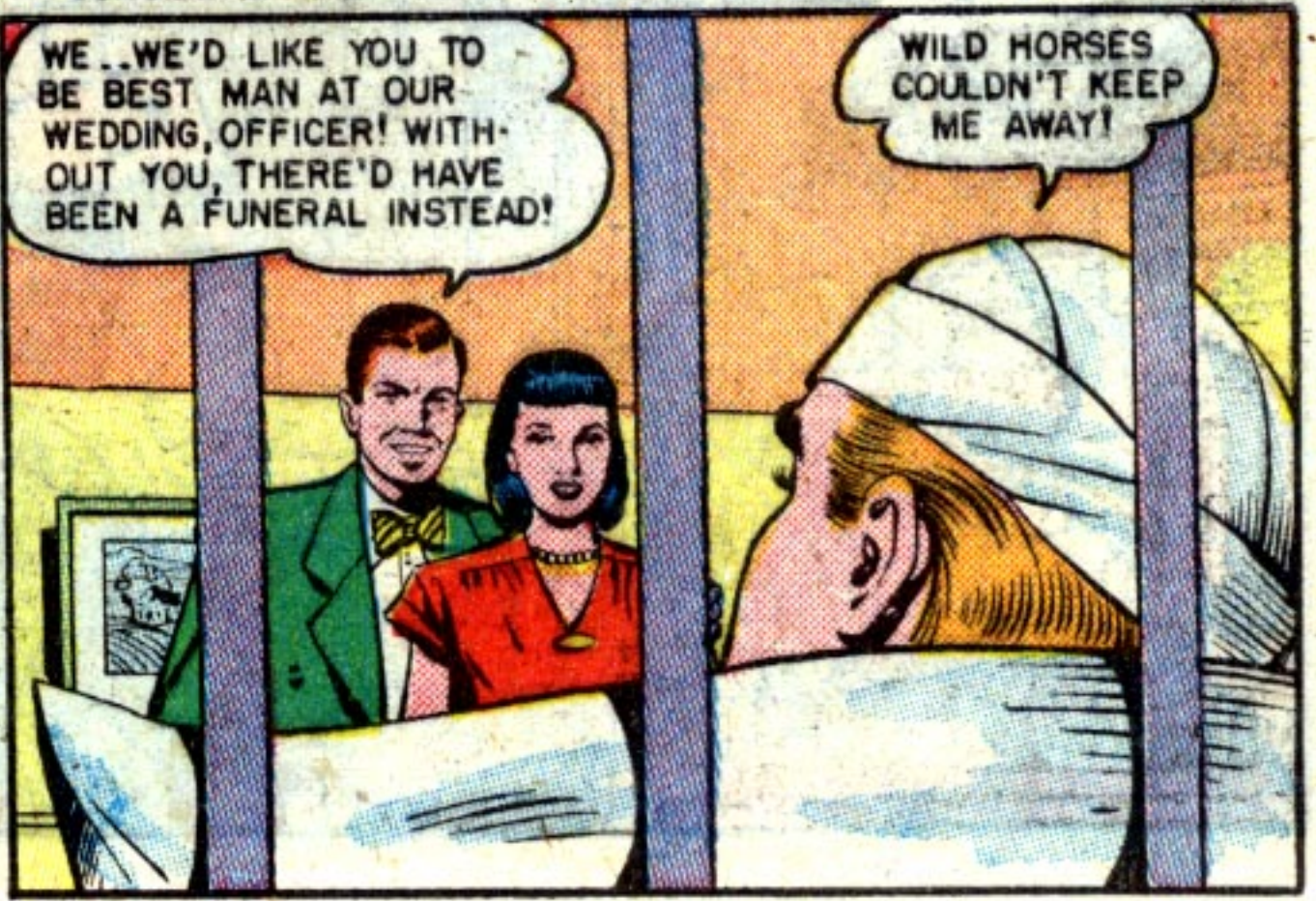
THEN IT HAPPENED TOO FAST FOR THOUGHT! GUNS WERE BLAZING AND LEADEN DEATH WAS HAMMERING AT PATROLMAN NICK SERSON!

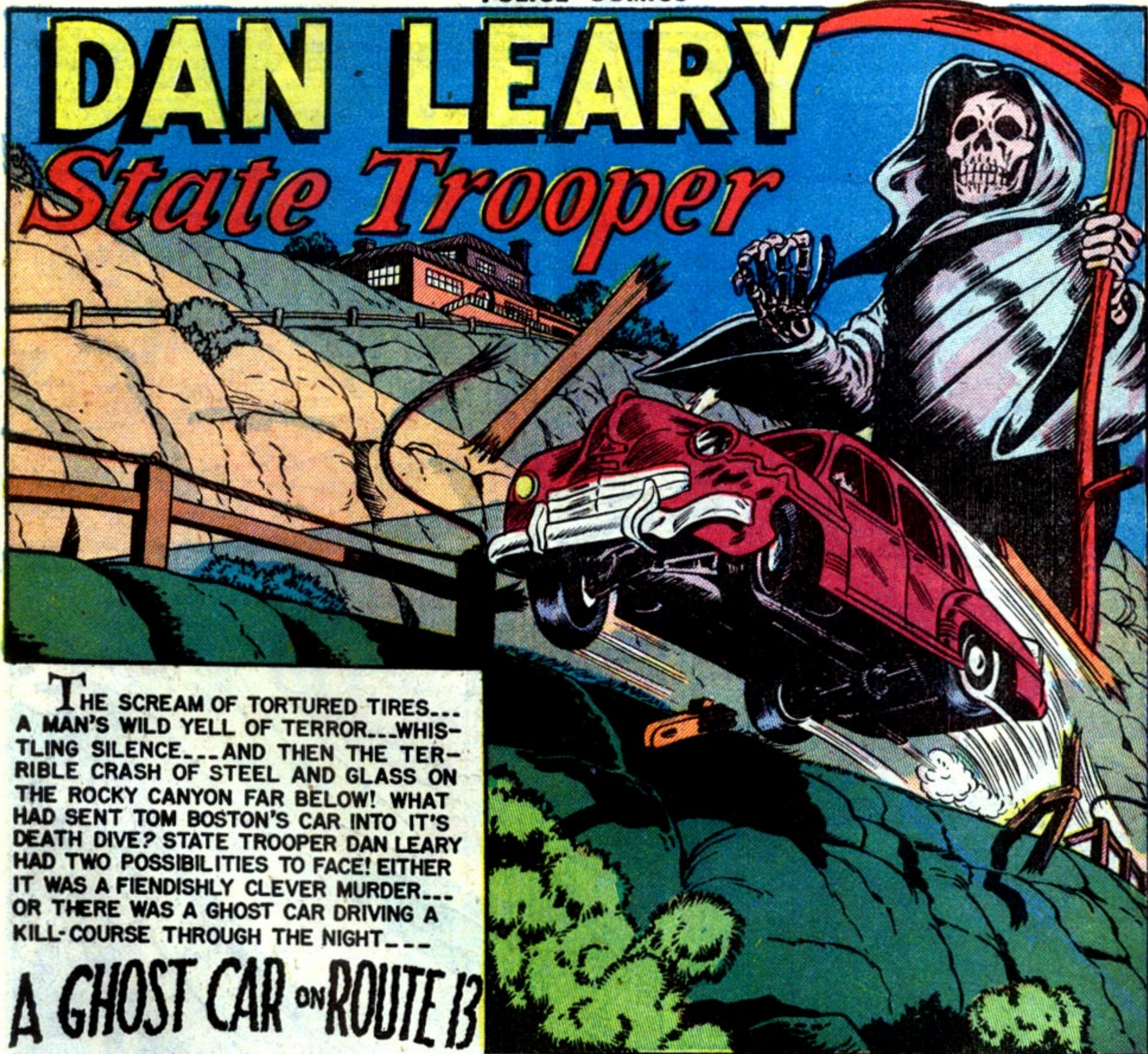


ALMOST A WEEK WENT BY BEFORE NICK SERSON BEGAN TO BE AWARE OF THE WORLD AROUND HIM! THEN...



BUT THAT EVENING PATROLMAN NICK SERSON GOT WHAT HE CONSIDERS THE FINEST REWARD OF ALL FOR HIS DARING!





THE SCREAM OF TORTURED TIRES... A MAN'S WILD YELL OF TERROR...WHISTLING SILENCE...AND THEN THE TERRIBLE CRASH OF STEEL AND GLASS ON THE ROCKY CANYON FAR BELOW! WHAT HAD SENT TOM BOSTON'S CAR INTO ITS DEATH DIVE? STATE TROOPER DAN LEARY HAD TWO POSSIBILITIES TO FACE! EITHER IT WAS A FIENDISHLY CLEVER MURDER... OR THERE WAS A GHOST CAR DRIVING A KILL-COURSE THROUGH THE NIGHT---

A GHOST CAR ON ROUTE 13

HALFWAY THROUGH HIS NIGHT PATROL, TROOPER DAN LEARY ALWAYS STOPS FOR A CUP OF COFFEE AT POP'S SPOT!

LITTLE HOT JAVA IN THERE, DAN? IT'S RIGHT CHILLY OUT!

THANKS, POP, I HAVEN'T TIME! CRIME MIGHT GET OUT OF HAND WHILE I STAYED IN HERE, CAROUSING WITH YOU!



SUDDENLY---

HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT NITWIT BURN THE ROAD! HE'S DOING BETTER THAN EIGHTY!

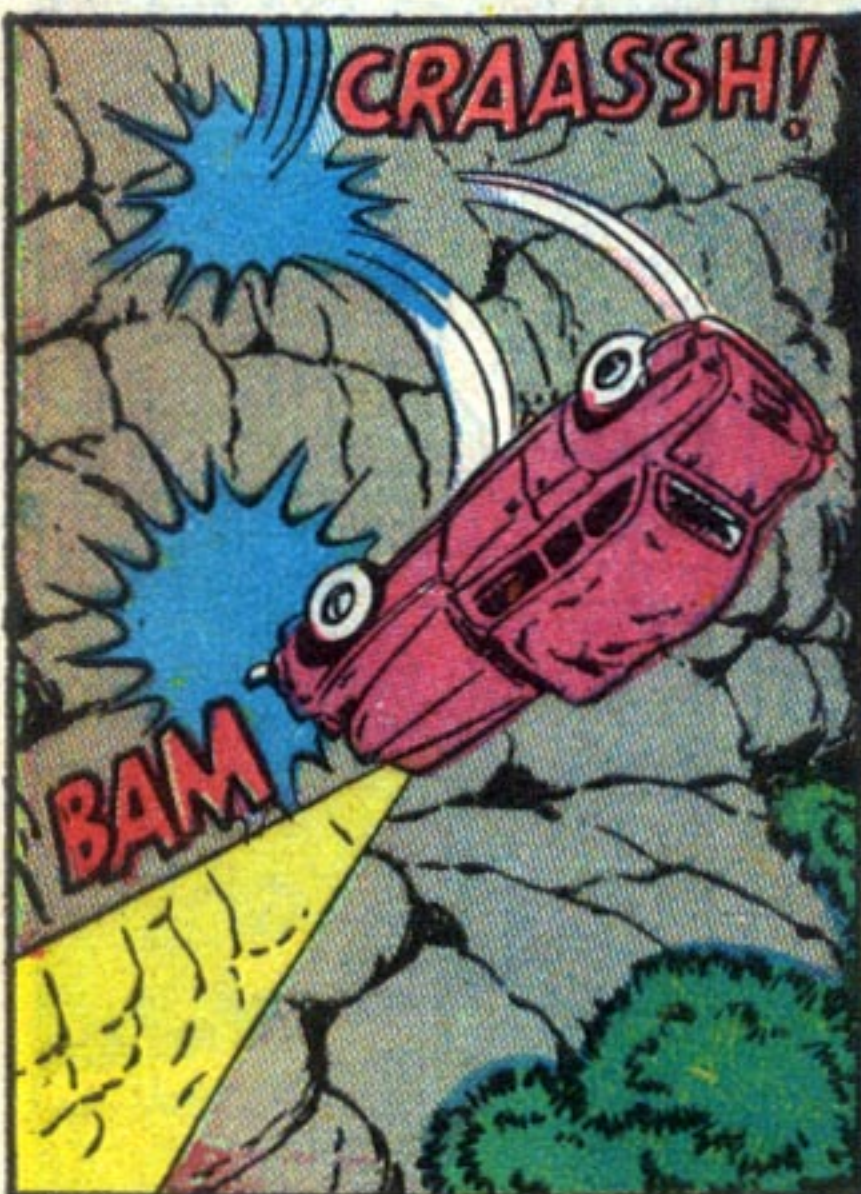
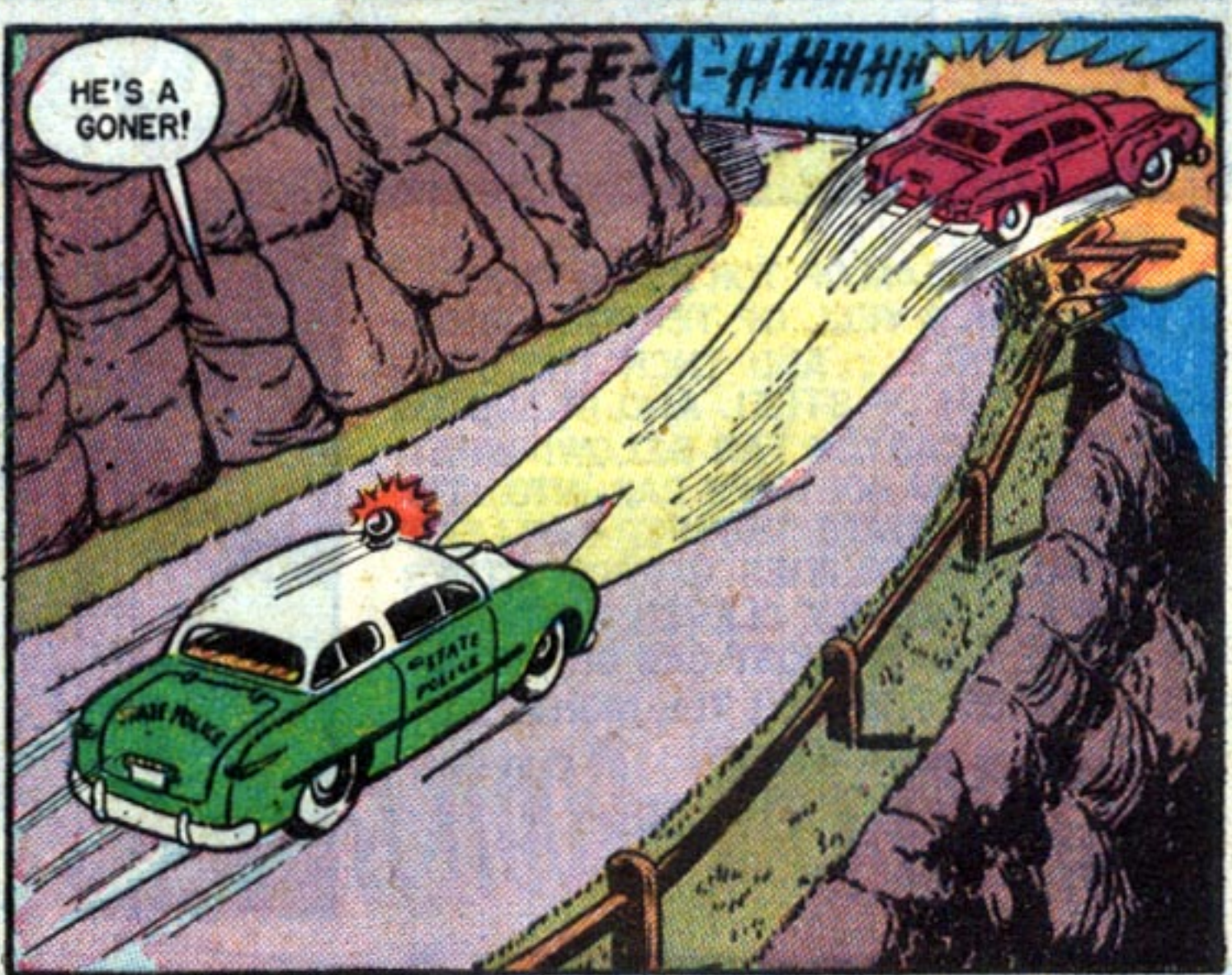
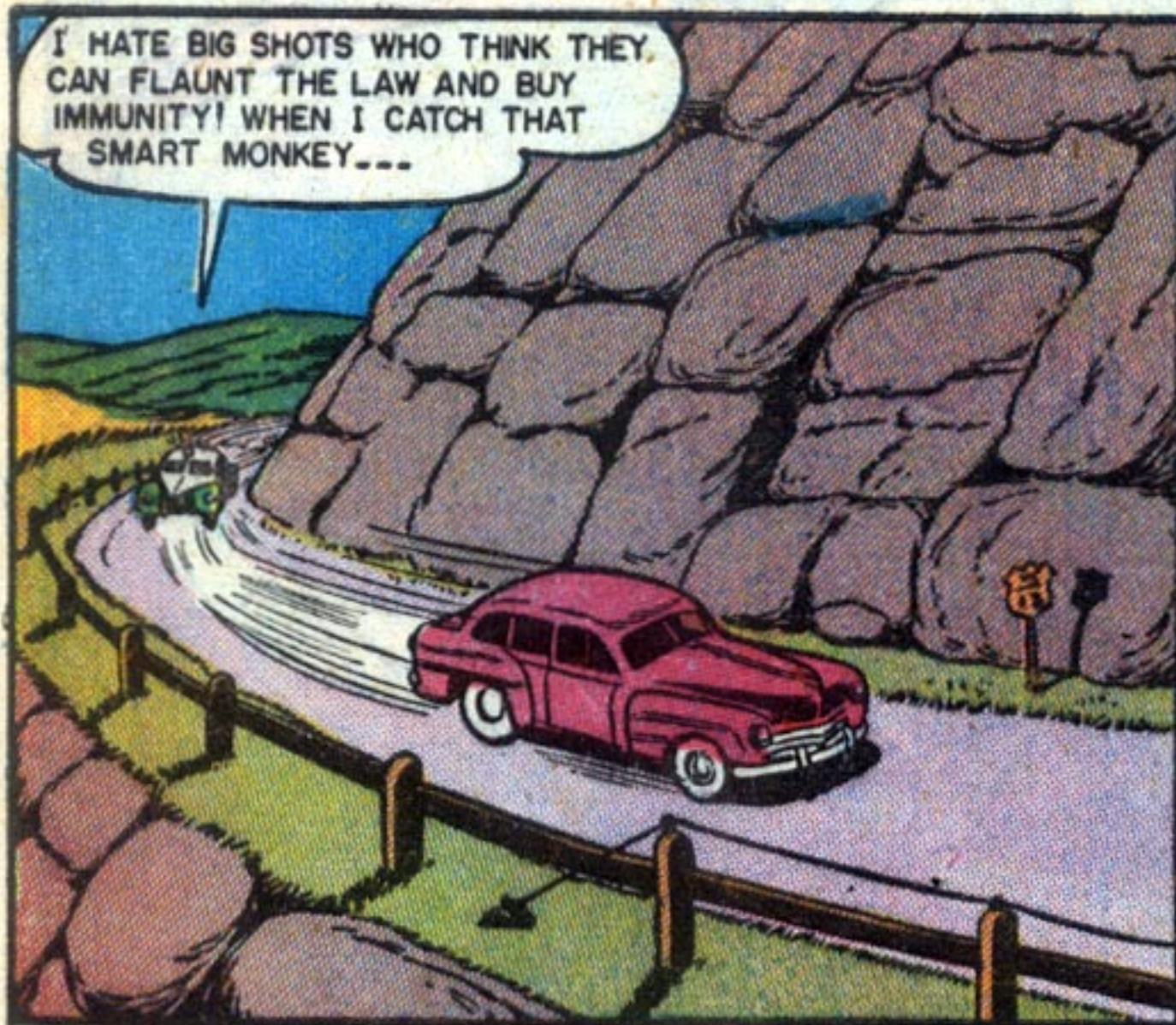
YEAH, THAT'S TOM BOSTON, DAN! HE FIGURES HE OWNS THIS COUNTRY, ROADS AND ALL! ALLUS DRIVES WIDE OPEN ALONG HERE!



HE'LL OWN A TICKET TO THE JUG WHEN I CATCH HIM! IF HE MET ANOTHER CAR ON THOSE MOUNTAIN CURVES, IT WOULD BE MURDER!

WATCH, YOURSELF, SON! BESIDES BEING RICH, TOM CONTROLS A LOT OF POLITICS AROUND HERE!





POLICE COMICS



FOR THE LUVVA...! THAT OTHER CAR! IT NEVER CAME ON... AND THE ROAD'S TOO NARROW FOR IT TO TURN BACK!



WHAT THE...? DAN! WHAT'S WRONG DOWN THERE?

SOMEBODY CROWDED TOM BOSTON STRAIGHT INTO A HIGH CLASS FUNERAL, AL! DID YOU GET A LOOK AT THE CAR?



WHAT CAR? NOBODY PASSED ME COMING DOWN AND I DIDN'T SEE ANY CARS!

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE! NO CAR CAME ON PAST ME, EITHER! HE MUST HAVE GONE BACK, SOMEHOW! I SAW HIS HEAD-LIGHTS RIGHT HERE!



BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE PAST ME, AL! THERE'S NO ROOM! I PARKED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD!

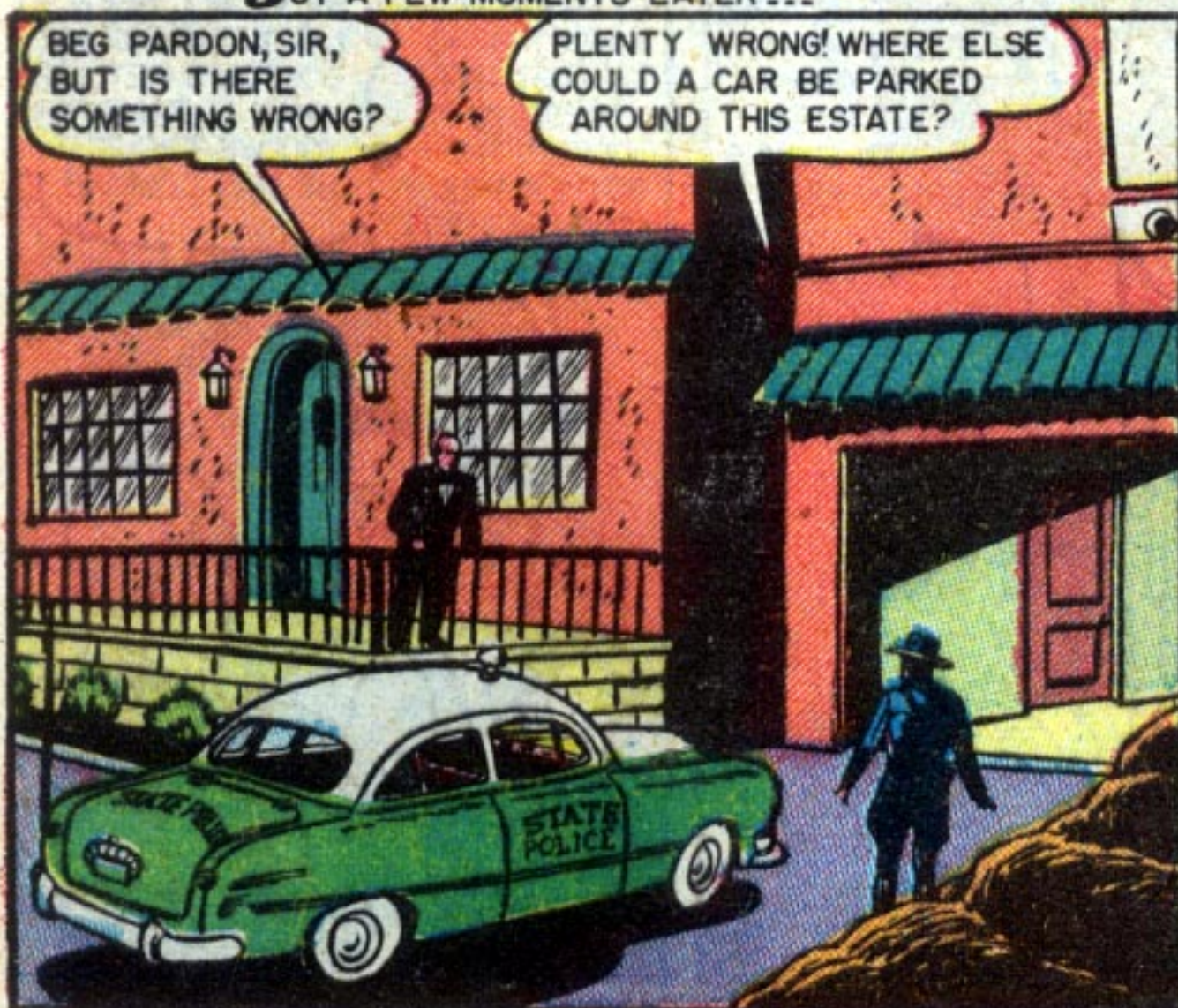
YOU SURE YOU SAW LIGHTS, THERE AREN'T ANY TRACKS BUT MINE AND NO PLACE TO TURN OFF EXCEPT...!



THAT'S IT, AL! THE SIDE ROAD UP TO TOM BOSTON'S HOUSE! HE MUST HAVE BACKED UP AND DUCKED IN THERE! LET ME BY!

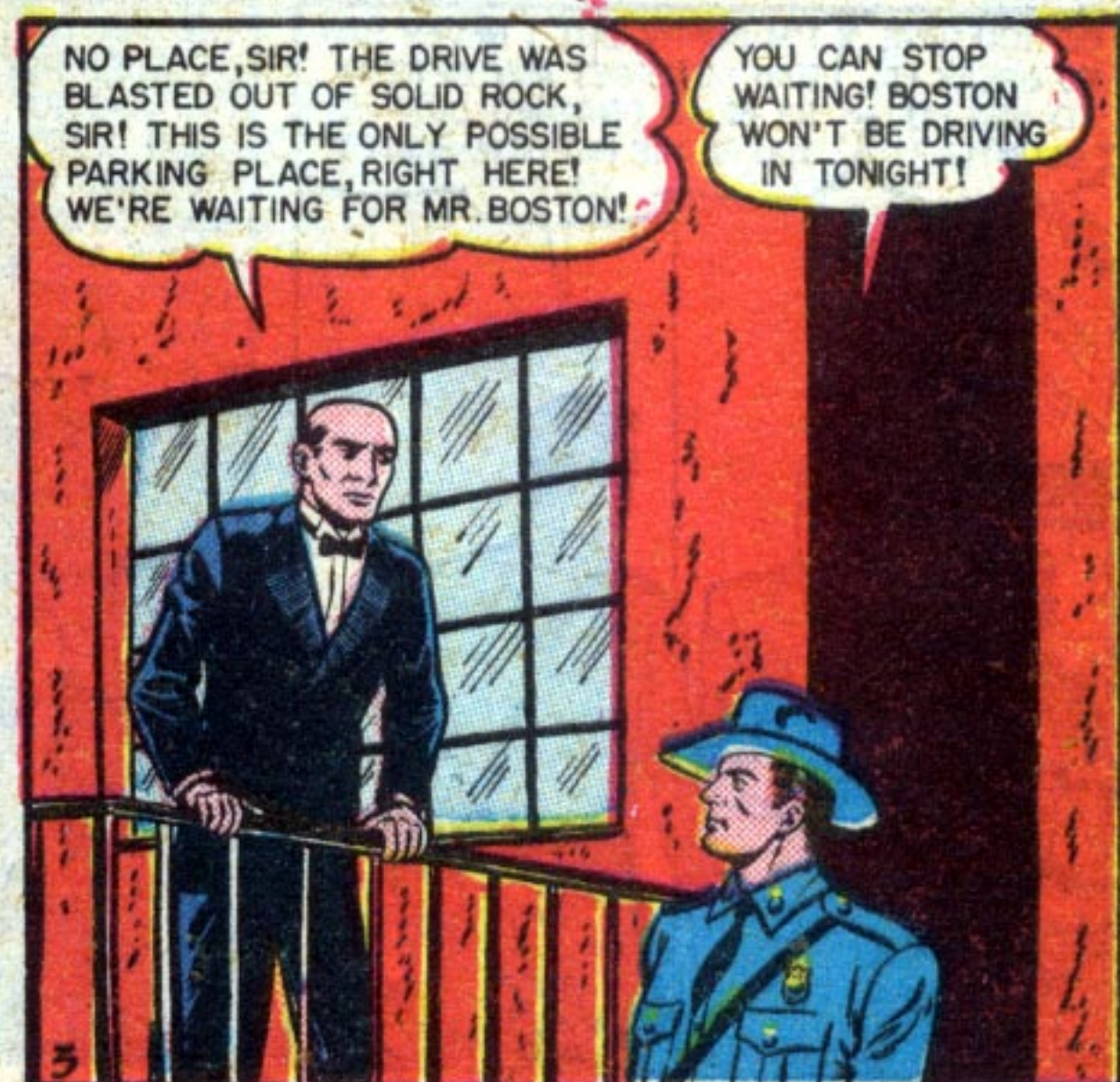
I'LL CALL THE WRECK SQUAD AND MEAT WAGON! NAIL HIM GOOD, DAN!

BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?

PLENTY WRONG! WHERE ELSE COULD A CAR BE PARKED AROUND THIS ESTATE?



NO PLACE, SIR! THE DRIVE WAS BLASTED OUT OF SOLID ROCK, SIR! THIS IS THE ONLY POSSIBLE PARKING PLACE, RIGHT HERE! WE'RE WAITING FOR MR. BOSTON!

YOU CAN STOP WAITING! BOSTON WON'T BE DRIVING IN TONIGHT!

POLICE COMICS



WHO'S HERE, THEN?
I'VE GOT TO SEE SOME-
ONE IN THE FAMILY!
MR. BOSTON WAS KILLED
IN A WRECK JUST DOWN
THE ROAD!

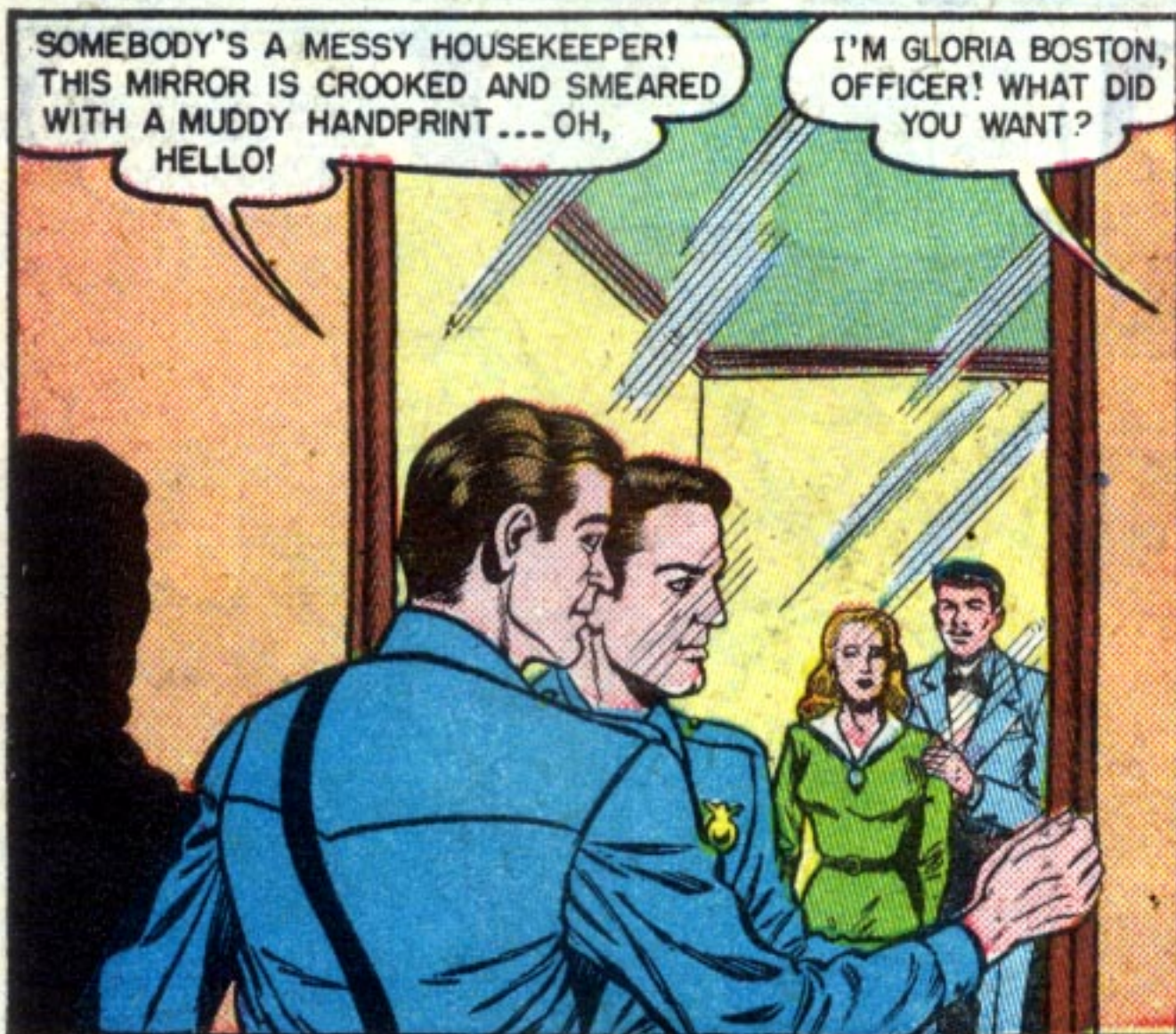
OH...! WAIT HERE,
SIR! I'LL SUMMON
MRS. BOSTON AND
PHIL BOSTON, HIS
NEPHEW!



OH, I DIDN'T SEE YOU BACK
THERE! I'M STATE TROOPER
DAN LEARY...



OH, FOR THE...! MY OWN
REFLECTION IN A FULL
LENGTH MIRROR! I THOUGHT
IT WAS A PERSON STANDING
BACK THERE!



SOMEBODY'S A MESSY HOUSEKEEPER!
THIS MIRROR IS CROOKED AND SMEARED
WITH A MUDDY HANDPRINT... OH,
HELLO!

I'M GLORIA BOSTON,
OFFICER! WHAT DID
YOU WANT?



I'M SORRY, MRS. BOSTON, BUT
YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD! HIS
CAR WENT OFF THE ROAD
JUST BELOW HERE!

OH...!

STUPID
FOOL!



DID YOU HAVE
TO BREAK IT
TO HER SO
BLUNTLY?

I'M SORRY, BUT I NEVER SAW
BAD NEWS GET ANY BETTER
BY BEING DRAGGED OUT!
YOU'RE HIS NEPHEW, AREN'T
YOU?



THE CAR THAT
CROWDED HIM
OFF HAD TO
TURN IN HERE!
WE HAD THE
ROAD COVERED
ABOVE AND BE-
LOW AND HE
DIDN'T COME
BY!

NO CAR CAME IN HERE
BUT YOURS! THAT GONG
IS CONNECTED TO AN
ELECTRIC EYE DOWN
THE DRIVE! IT RINGS
IF A CAR EVEN SWINGS
IN TO TURN AROUND!



PHIL'S RIGHT,
OFFICER! IT
HASN'T RUNG
TONIGHT UNTIL
YOU DROVE IN!
JUDSON, THE
BUTLER, WILL
CONFIRM THAT!

THAT IS TRUE, SIR!
WE'VE ALL BEEN
LISTENING FOR MR.
BOSTON'S RETURN!
WHEN IT RANG FOR
YOU, WE THOUGHT
HE WAS COMING!

POLICE COMICS

AN HOUR LATER...

NO CARS PASSED HERE, COMING DOWN, DAN! BUT I'LL TELL YOU, THE GOSSIP IS THAT PHIL BOSTON AND BOSTON'S WIFE ARE PLAYING POST OFFICE BEHIND THE OLD MAN'S BACK!

UH-OH! HMM...!

HELLO, AL! WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT ALONG THE ROAD?

I FOUND OUT YOU'RE SEEING THINGS, DAN! I'LL PERSONALLY EAT ANY CAR THAT CAME DOWN THAT TRAIL TONIGHT! YOU SAW A GHOST, SON!

THANKS, AL! I BELIEVE THAT'S JUST WHAT I DID SEE! THE GHOST OF A VERY NASTY PERFECT MURDER SCHEME! I'M JUST WAKING UP!

CALLING CAR 9! EMERGENCY TO LEARY, CAR 9! TROUBLE AT BOSTON HOME, ROUTE 13! A MAN WITH GUN THREATENING MRS. BOSTON! HURRY!

TAKE MY PATROL AREA, AL! I'LL GET UP THERE IN NOTHING FLAT!

POP'S STOP FOR A DRINK

I'M WAKING UP, NOW! THE PIECES ARE STARTING TO CLICK TOGETHER... AND THIS TIES THEM INTO A NEAT BUNDLE!

IF BOSTON COULD TAKE THESE TURNS AT EIGHTY, I GUESS I CAN, TOO!

LEARY TO HEAD-QUARTERS! ANSWERING CALL! SEND REINFORCEMENTS! BLOCK OFF ROUTE 13 TOP AND BOTTOM! OVER AND OUT!

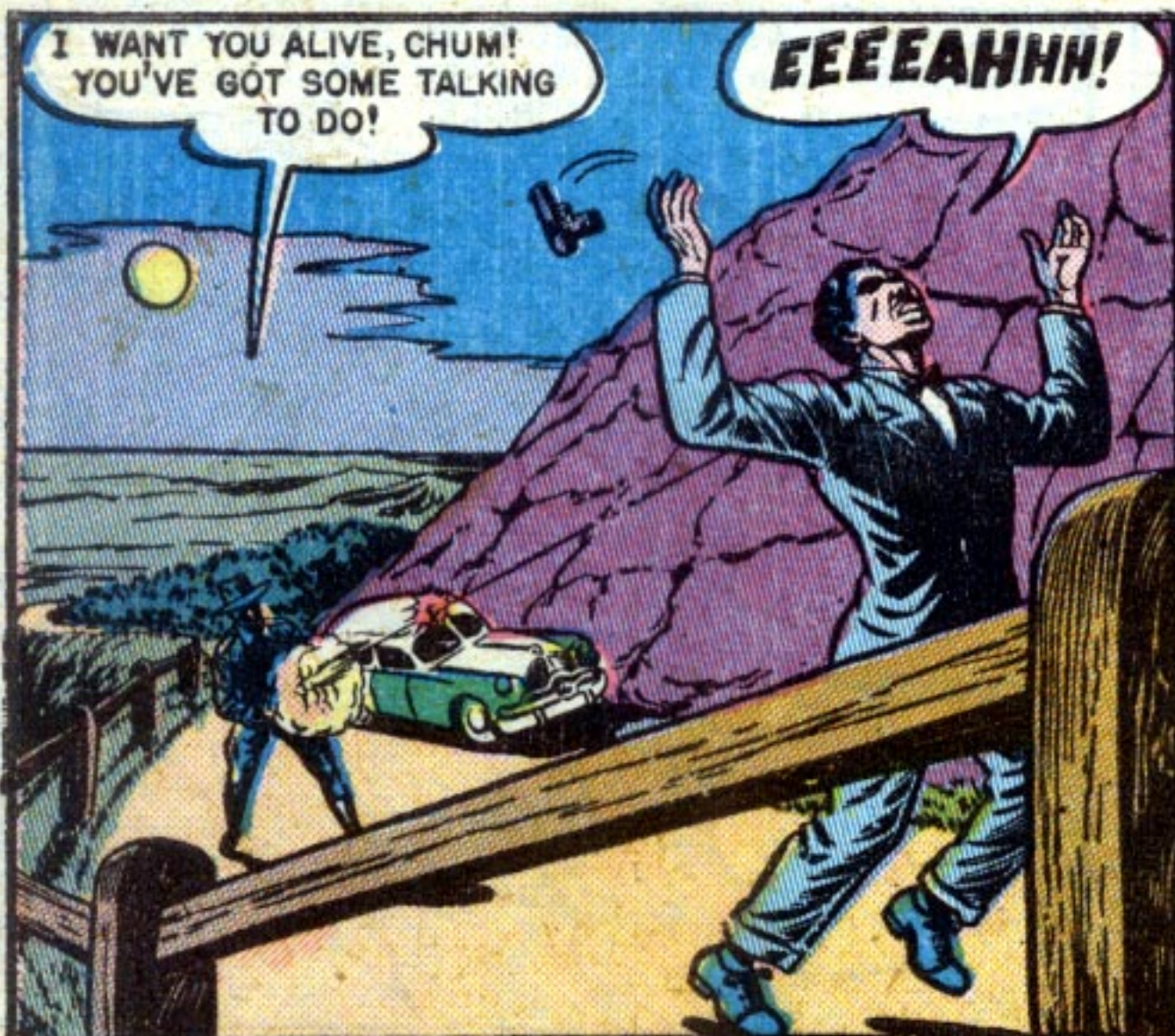
ROGER, DAN! TOP IS ALREADY ROAD-BLOCKED! NO CARS HAVE ENTERED SINCE THE WRECK! YOU'VE GOT A CLEAR ROAD!

AND AT THAT MOMENT...

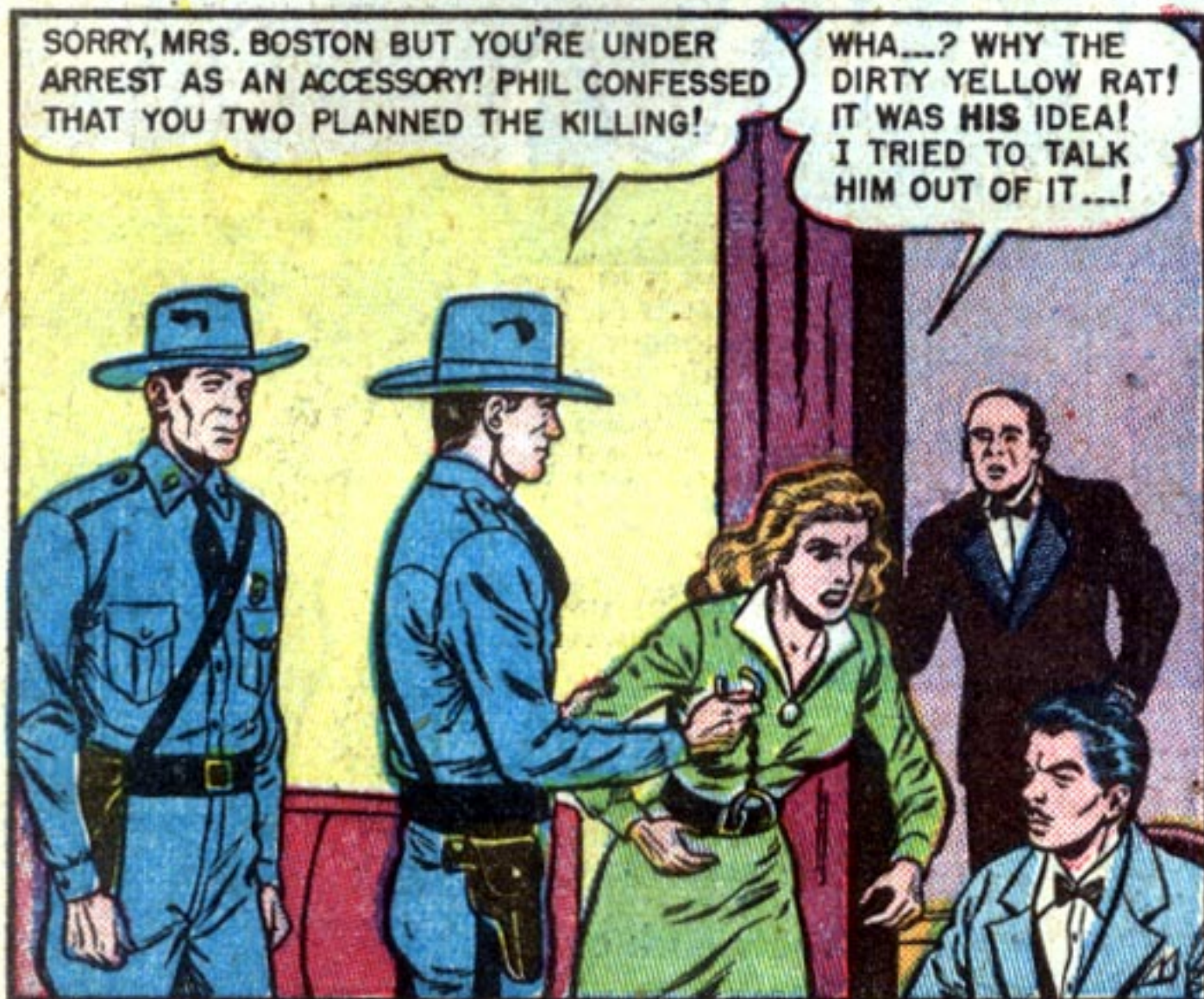
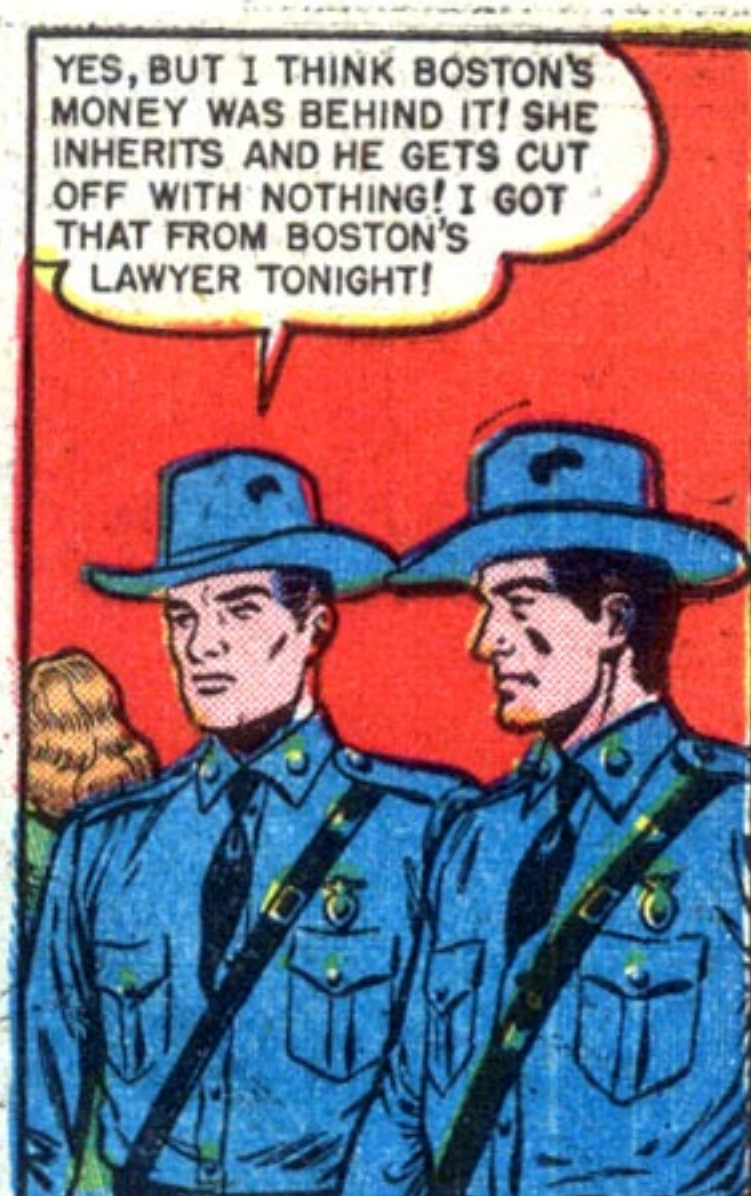
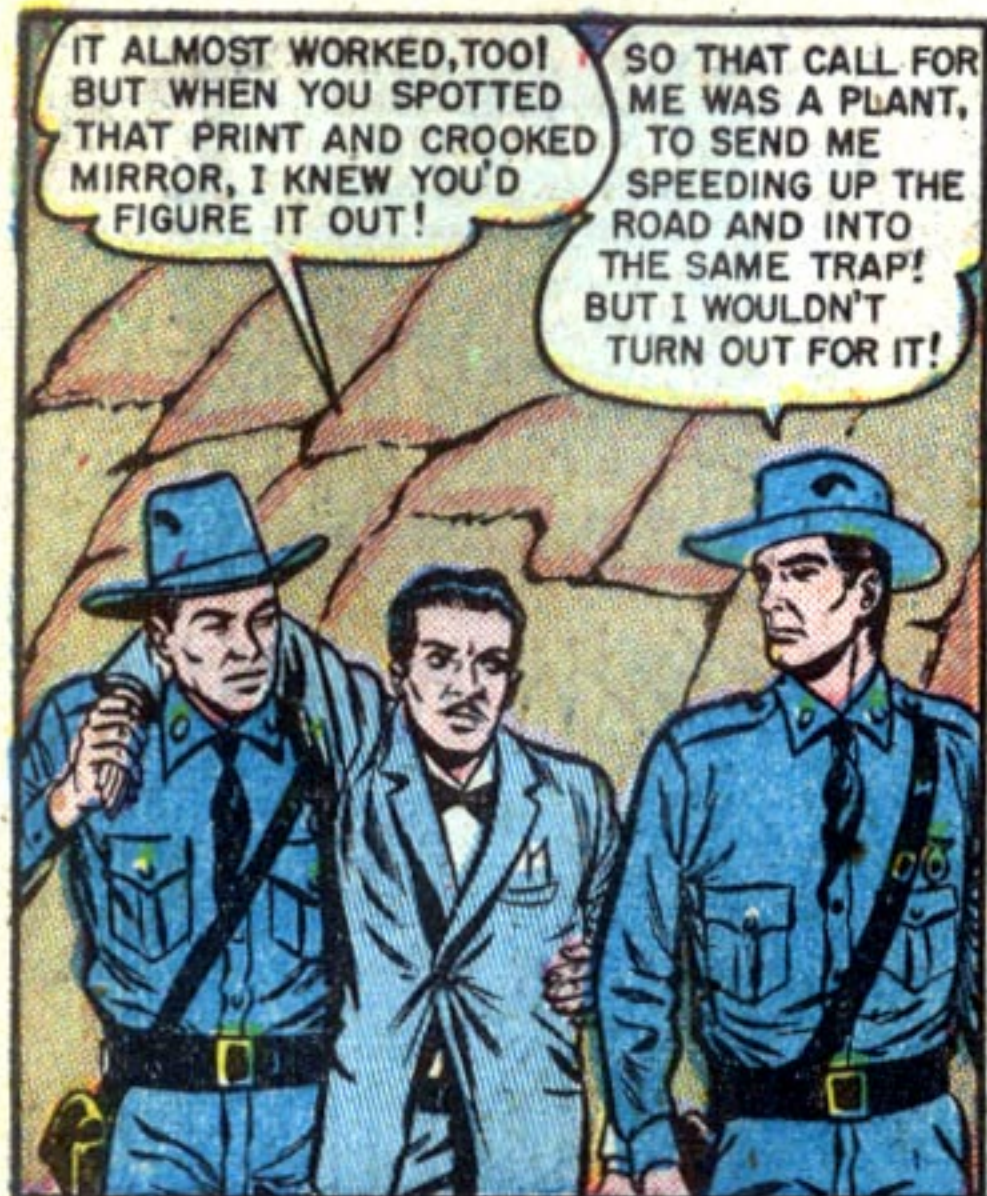
YIIIIII! HEADLIGHTS, RACING RIGHT AT ME!

POLICE COMICS

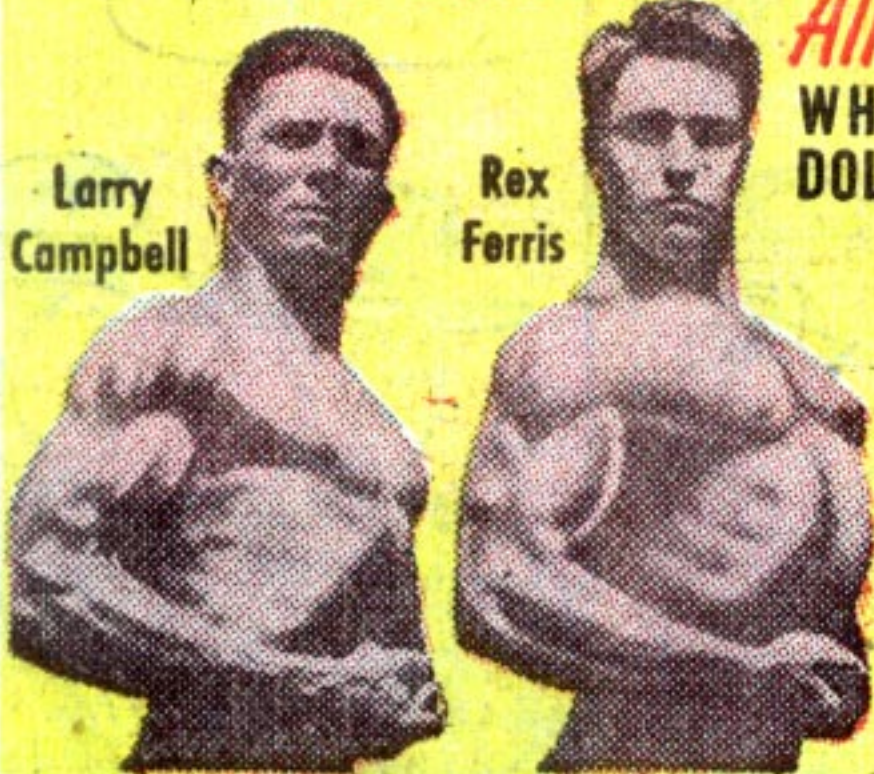
AN INSTANT LATER...



POLICE COMICS



Which of these 2 one time **WEAKLINGS** paid only a *Few Cents?*
to become an **"All-Around" HE-MAN** at Home



Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING

get acquainted offer!

Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE

only **10c**

Instead of \$1.00

plus **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—

says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A **WINNER** AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH **PROGRESSIVE POWER**



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each). Muscle Building Courses. All in 1 great complete volume for only **10c**—DO-IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building.



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George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions." • World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 • World's weight lifting champion at 19 • Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world • Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body plus many other world records!



FREE GIFT COUPON!

DEPT. Q-14

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230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, plus all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)
ADDRESS _____ NO C.O.D.'s
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As part of my Communications Course you build this low power broadcasting transmitter, learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many tests.

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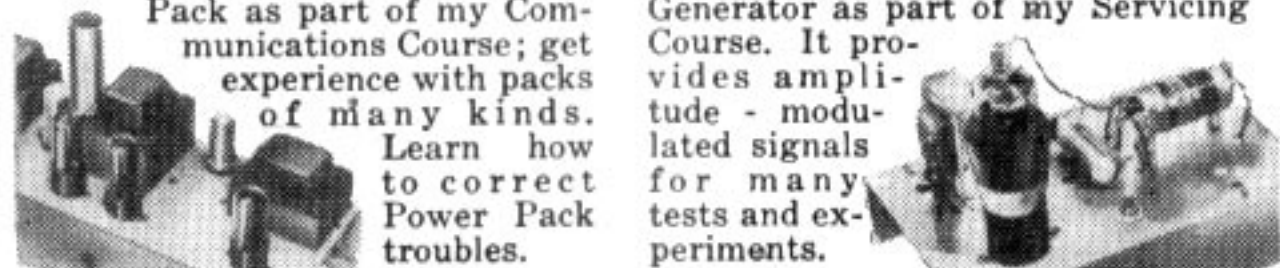
YOU BUILD this Tester with parts I send early in my Servicing Course. Helps you fix neighbors' Radios and **EARN EXTRA MONEY** in spare time.



YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack as part of my Communications Course; get experience with packs of many kinds. Learn how to correct Power Pack troubles.



YOU BUILD this A. M. Signal Generator as part of my Servicing Course. It provides amplitude - modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



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"Four years ago, I was a bookkeeper with a hand-to-mouth salary. Now I am a Radio Engineer with a key station of the American Broadcasting Company network."—**NORMAN H. WARD**, Ridgefield Park, N. J.

"When halfway thru the N.R.I. course, I made \$5 to \$8 a week fixing sets in my spare time. Am now selling and installing Television sets and antennas."—**E. J. STREITENBERGER**, New Boston, Ohio.

"My first job was operator with KDLR, obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Engineer of Police Radio Station WQOX. I never hesitate to endorse N.R.I."—**T. S. NORTON**, Hamilton, O.

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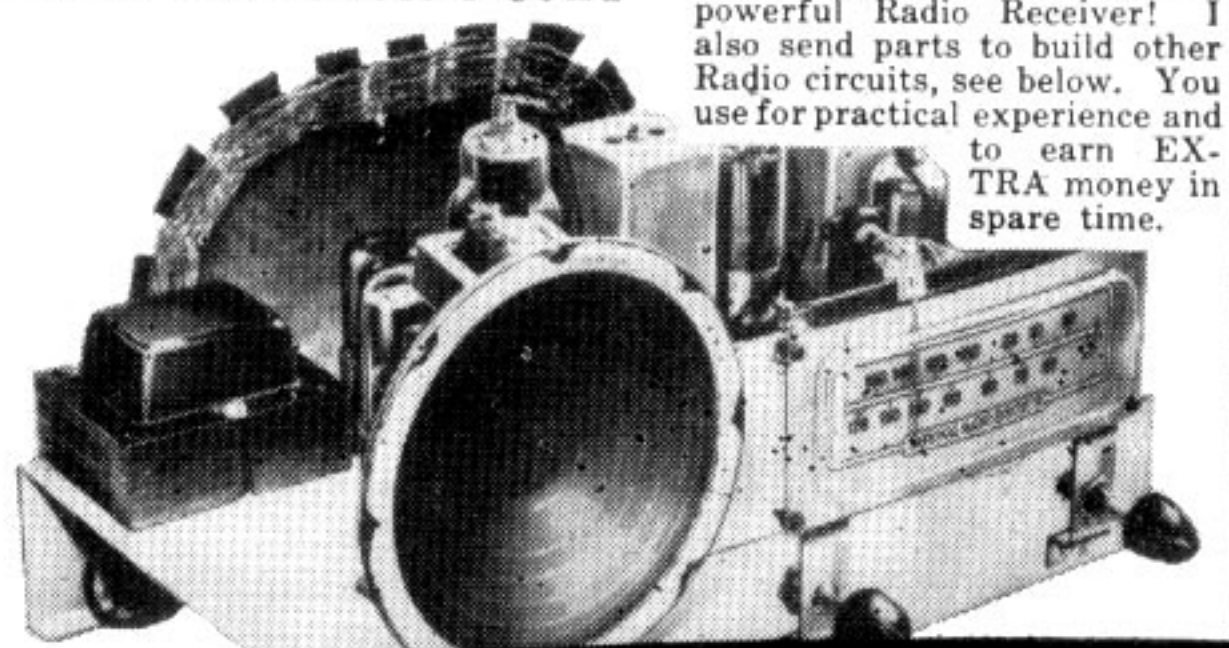
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In 1949, almost 3,000,000 TV sets sold. By 1954, 20,000,000 TV sets estimated. 100 TV Stations now operating. Authorities predict 1,000 TV Stations. This means more jobs, good pay for qualified men all over the United States and Canada.

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Keep your job while training. Hundreds of successful **RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS** I trained had no previous experience, some only a grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get **PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE**—build valuable multimeter—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. Keep all equipment. Many students make \$5, \$10 extra a week fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. **SPECIAL BOOKLETS** start teaching you the day you enroll.

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